The Outlook

Volume 138 November 5, 1924 Number 10

BEARING the date of the day after election, this issue is necessarily prepared and printed before election. We have said our last word upon the issues of the campaign. If the result of the election is ascertainable as promptly as usual in Presidential years, we shall comment upon it next week.

Roorback

A COMMENT upon American politics is to be found in the definition of the word "roorback." In the Century Dictionary it is defined as "a fictitious story published for political effect; a 'campaign lie.'" In the Standard Dictionary it is defined as "a lie or fictitious report for political purposes, as before an election." And in both dictionaries it is marked as a word peculiar to the United States. We do not suppose that campaign lies issued just before an election are confined to American politics; but they are frequent enough in this country to have acquired a distinctly American name.

Generally, Presidential candidates have been spared the indignity of attack by roorback; but they have not been immune to the sort of attack that is made by the twisting of facts or by personal reflections.

An example of one kind of appeal to prejudice has been the effort to discredit Mr. Coolidge's part in the suppression of the Boston police strike. The attempt has been made to represent him as inactive as Governor during that emergency. As a matter of fact, Mr. Coolidge did what every good executive does under such circumstances. He leaves those in direct charge to act, and backs them up unless they fail in their duty. Mr. Coolidge proved himself a good executive on that occasion. His sententious statement at that time, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time," will long be remembered as the statement of a leader.

An instance of personal reflection upon a candidate which is impossible for the candidate himself to pay attention to and yet may be accepted by people just because it is not answered is an article circulated by the John W. Davis College League in which Mr. Coolidge is characterized as "a rattled and ridiculous person," "a very much dismayed and huddled little man," "a passive and pallid little man." There is little or nothing in this article which is anything more than the author's personal characterization. And yet this article has been circulated by an organization of which the Honorary Chairman is the President Emeritus of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot, the honorary vice-chairmen include such college presidents as Dr. Alderman of Virginia, Dr. Garfield of Williams, Dr. Hibben of Princeton, Dr. MacCracken of Vassar, and Dr. Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke, and the National Chairman is Mr. Cleveland E. Dodge. Probably some subordinate authorized the circularization of this attack under the apparent indorsement of these influential names. It is not so much against the roorback as such that intelligent voters need to be on guard as against irresponsible appeals to prejudice made with all the guise of responsibility.

The President Restates His Policy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, speaking before the United States Chamber of Commerce, but addressing the country by radio and otherwise, gave a clear account of what the Administration has done during the past four years and what, if he is elected President, it will undertake to do during the next four. There was in this speech more of calm statement of achievement and of purpose than might have been made in months of campaign speeches.

The President insisted that the Government has a well-defined international policy, and he specified the components of that policy both in what it has achieved and in what it hopes to achieve —adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice, international conferences to consider definitely stated international problems, limitation of armaments, codification of international law, constitutional covenants which will look to outlawing aggressive war, opposition to the proposed referendum on adherence to the League of Nations, opposition to cancellation of foreign debts, opposition to international consideration of peculiarly domestic affairs of the United States.

Governmental economy, public economy of every kind, he emphasized as of almost supreme importance, the need for it world-wide. "That nation," he said, "which demonstrates that it has sufficient self-control to adopt this course will immediately become the leader in the financial world." This leadership, he said, is easily within America's grasp.

He defended the tariff as it exists. He placed the blame for deflation of currency and credit upon the Administration which preceded that of Harding and Coolidge.

He announced his intention of calling a conference of leaders of agricultural thought to work out a programme of legislation which will place farming permanently on an equality with other business and which, he said, "we can all support."

He told why Government ownership of transportation and water-power facilities would be disastrous. Such a system, he said, could be used to control "all other business of any importance."

The proposal to give Congress the power to set aside decisions of the Supreme Court would, he said, "put the power of life and death in the hands of Congress," make possible destruction of the States, abolition of the Presidential office, the closing of the courts. The weak would not have more, but decidedly less, protection than at present.

It was an excellent statement of fundamentally sound American principles.

An Old-Time Minstrel

THE death of "Lew Dockstader" (his real name was George Clapp) on October 26 recalls a chapter of stage entertainment of a kind now all but extinct. Indeed, the "nigger minstrels"—only super-refined people ever said "Negro minstrels"—were on the wane when Dockstader made his reputation, and in a few years he, like other famous black-face comedians, drifted into vaude-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ville. He was perhaps the last of those whose names are recalled with joyous reminiscence by old-timers addicted to this form of amusement; nowadays schoolboys and other amateurs have almost a monopoly of the burnt cork as a medium of fun. There are many living, however, who recall Primrose and West, Duprez and Benedict, Backus and Birch, Thatcher, and other old-time favorites of the prime days of minstrels, say, in the late sixties and the early seventies. Then the end-men, the solemn middleman, and the half-circle of singers were in their glory. The shows began to lose their special hold on the public when they became formal, ambitious, and "gigantic" —with two or three "bones," two "interlocutors," and so on. Other kinds of shows improved; the "nigger minstrels" deteriorated. But in its palmy days "nigger minstrelsy" was indubitably and excessively funny, and it was on the minstrel stage that many of the still-enjoyed melodies of Stephen Foster and other song writers gained their popularity.

It is said that the first Negro minstrel on the American stage was Dan Rice, who as Jim Crow (the part was taken from a slave then living) danced and sang himself into immense popularity both here and in England in 1836. The first actual troupe of cork-faced minstrels appeared in 1843, and from that time on the bones, the banjo, the song of the plantation, and the "second part," made up chiefly of dancing and comic acts, rivaled the circus in attractiveness to boys and to grown people who retained a boyish sense of fun.

The Farmer and the Town Man

Professor Kolb, of the University of Wisconsin, has a strong conviction that one thing that would help the farmer would be for better relations to exist between the farmers and the people and business men of the near-by towns. Professor Kolb has issued bulletins from the University's agricultural experiment station which contain interesting facts. These certainly go far to indicate that better relations personally, socially, and especially in business, are fairly due to the farmer.

The conclusions were drawn from investigations made in several counties, and hundreds of farming families were visited and questioned. It was found that farming groups in the country do not have local high schools, and that when the children are sent some distance to the town the farmers do not have a share in the management of the high school, and their boys and girls do not receive just the right kind of knowledge and vocational training that they should have. Again, it is said that the local farmers' church is seldom large enough to thrive, while if the rural people go to town for church privileges they notice "a discriminating distinction" as between the farmers and the business and professional men.

On the business side the figures and conclusions are somewhat surprising. A survey of eight towns near Madison showed Professor Kolb that in those towns the farmers in one year bought goods and services to the amount of $4,694,560 and all the customers other than farmers and their families bought only to the value of $1,802,929, yet it is alleged that the towns do not rightly appreciate or encourage country trade and are reluctant to give the farmer credit, although the figures obtained show that the farmer is only slightly slower pay as compared with the town man.

The remedy proposed as against discrimination and patronizing of the farmer by the town man is that apart from purely agricultural matters the farmers should organize for all sorts of progressive purposes; that they should have boards and institutions of their own and meet their neighbors in town and city with more sturdy assertion of equality.

Secretary Wallace

Henry Cantwell Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who died in Washington on October 25, had taken his official duties even more seriously than is customary with men called to Cabinet positions. Somewhat because of that, somewhat because of the early-rising habit of the farm which had never left him since his boyhood, he was usually at his desk and at work before the rest of official Washington had finished shaving. He worked hard—too hard, his friends thought. And overwork, very likely, was a contributing cause to his untimely taking off.

Secretary Wallace's hard work, however, was not work wasted. Despite the recent fomentations in Washington which have made difficult any accurate appraisal of the efforts of men in administrative positions, it is clear that Mr. Wallace rendered a public service of large and abiding usefulness.

The safeguards of Conservation were somewhat weakened during the early days of this Administration. Those who oppose the holding of public resources for other generations—both those who properly may be called exploitationists and those others who honestly believe that the withholding of material resources from immediate use is not wise—were having their inning. The National forests were looked eagerly upon by those who would bring them into immediate exhaustive use. There were efforts, not always open, to have the forests transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior. Genuine conservationists believed they saw the possibility of disaster in that. It was no reflection on the Department of the Interior, they held, to say that it is not as well fitted as the Department of Agriculture for administering a trust such as this. The Department of the Interior through all its existence has been an agency to develop resources for immediate use. Its channels of thought run, naturally, toward mining a resource. The Department of Agriculture through all its history has been an agency for developing and conserving resources for permanent usefulness. Since, they contended, timber is essentially a crop to be harvested occasionally and not a deposit to be mined, supervision of the forests belongs in the Department of Agriculture.

Against odds, Secretary Wallace successfully maintained that position. His persistent adherence to it was sometimes exasperating to those who held the other view, and his devotion to what he believed the best interest of the country was given by some the name of "Scotch stubbornness." The forests remained in the Department of Agriculture. Had they gone elsewhere, they might not have remained always National forests.

If Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture had done nothing else than this, his contribution to the welfare of his country would have been great. But there were other trying problems which, if he could not always quite solve, he labored upon in helpful fashion.

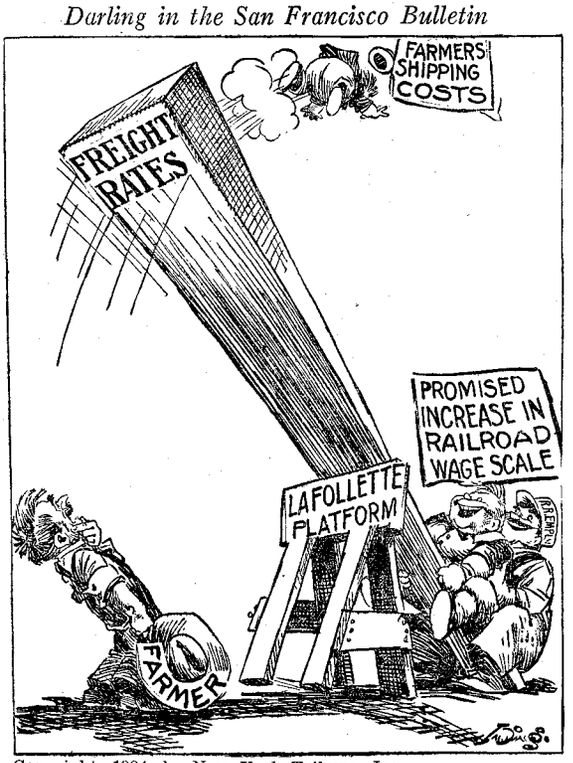
When Mr. Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture, the industry of agriculture in the United States was entering what has been probably the most serious depression it has ever known. Whether Secretary Wallace did all that could have been done to make the disaster less se-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every man to his business

(1 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 2)

Darling in the San Francisco Bulletin



Copyright, 1924, by New York Tribune, Inc.

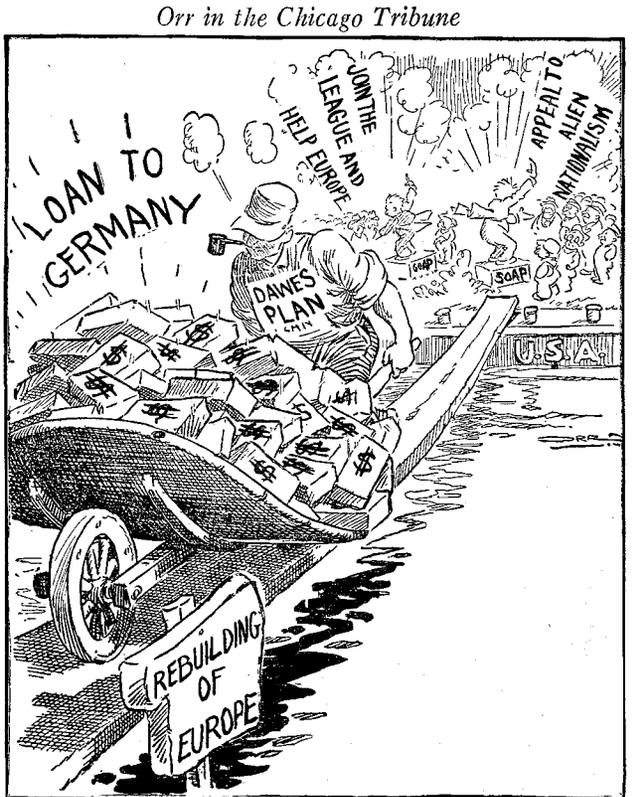
From Charles Grover, Paso Robles, California

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Off the nest

From Paul L. Wood, Columbus, Ohio

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

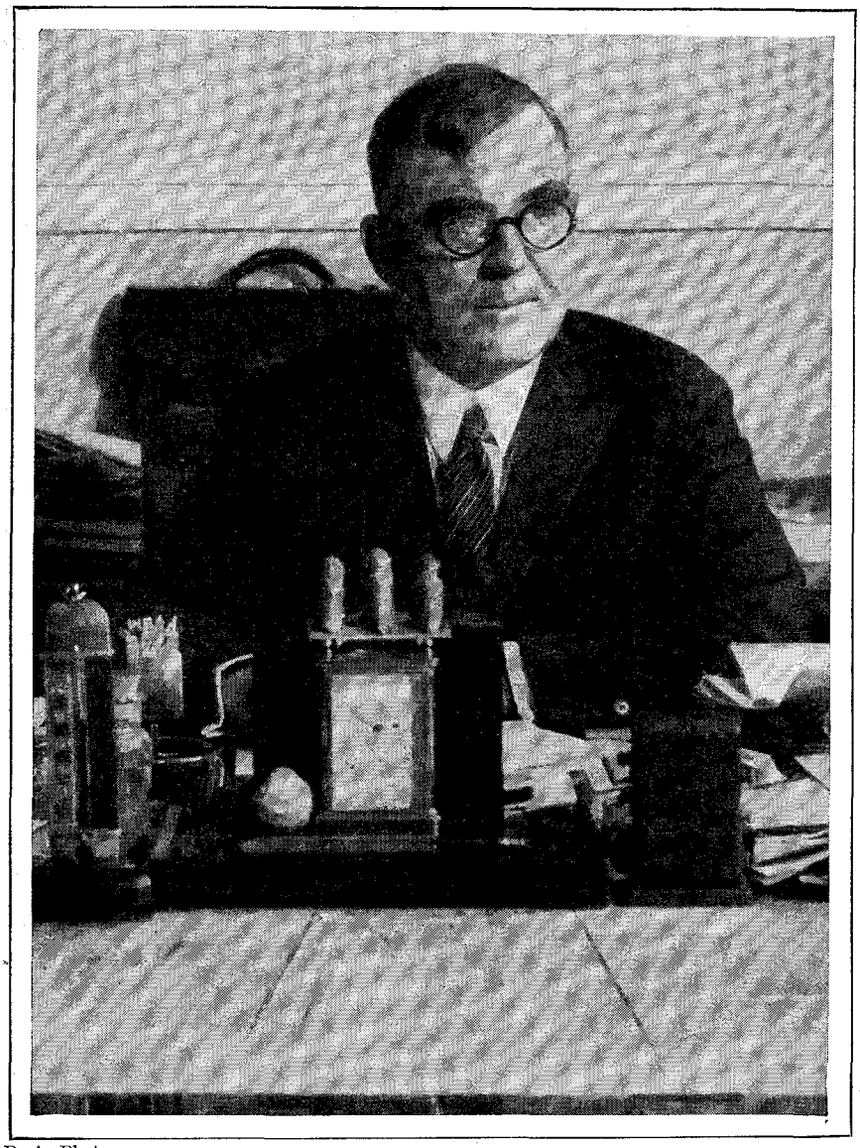
While others talk

From Mrs. J. K. McCalmont, Wood River, Illinois

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

Another step

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



P. A. Photos

The late Secretary Wallace at his desk in Washington

vere will always be a question. There remain those who believe that he was misled into a too implicit reliance upon economic theories as a substitute for vigorous practical measures. There has never been any question that Henry C. Wallace tried with all the diligence of an energetic nature to save agriculture from the immediate and the Nation from the ultimate evils of a period of unprofitable production. In that effort, though it did not wholly succeed in averting the immediate crisis, there was constructive work for the future. American agriculture and the American Nation may remember Henry C. Wallace as a benefactor.

What Mr. Wallace accomplished as Secretary of Agriculture was no more than the culmination of a life-work. His work as an agricultural editor, extending over the greater part of his active life, constituted his largest contribution to social welfare. In his early manhood he established "Wallace's Farmer." His father, the Rev. Henry Wallace, was for many years its editor, while Henry C. Wallace devoted his efforts to building up the paper and to formulating policies, doing a great deal of the editorial writing meanwhile. He assumed the editorship when his father died in 1916. "Wallace's Farmer" is and has long been one of those rare achievements in journalism, a paper of comparatively small circulation which exerts an influence greater than others of circulation many times larger.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association

With the retirement of Colonel William Boyce Thompson as President the Roosevelt Memorial Association will not, we hope, lose his wise counsel and his generous aid. That the collection of valuable material relating to Theodore Roosevelt is greater than that collected concerning any other President of the United States is due, of course, to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, which grew up out of the Roosevelt Memorial National Committee, which in turn was formed under the chairmanship of Colonel Thompson. It is right that the Board of Trustees on Colonel Thompson's retirement should have placed on record their recognition of "his rich and most lovable personality, his courage, his far-seeing and sagacious mind, and his profound understanding of the significance of the life this Association has sought and is seeking to commemorate."

Since Colonel Thompson decided not to be again a candidate for the Presidency of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, it is gratifying to be able to record that he is succeeded by James R. Garfield. As Secretary of the Interior Mr. Garfield was closely associated with Mr. Roosevelt in official duties, and was, moreover, a close and honored friend. By temperament as well as by experience he is well fitted for the grateful task of preserving and disseminating Theodore Roosevelt's spirit. Hermann Hagedorn, who has been Secretary of the Association since its foundation, will continue his constructive work in that office.

Prohibition Withstands a Shock

The Province of Ontario retains its Prohibition Law as the result of the recent plebiscite, but by a majority greatly reduced from that of five years ago and under circumstances which may add peculiar difficulties to those always attendant upon the enforcement of prohibition anywhere.

The cities voted so heavily to overturn prohibition as to make it appear for a time that the "wets" had won a victory. Even cities which when the previous referendum was taken voted in favor of prohibition were now strongly against it. At one time the "wets" had a lead of 70,000, which was gradually whittled down as the returns from the farming districts came in. Ultimately, there was a "dry" majority of 7,900 or so. French centers, rural as well as urban, gave "wet" majorities, as did the smaller towns along the American border. The majorities in the border communities are attributed to the hope of profit from thirsty American tourists and residents across the line if the sale of liquor could be legalized.

The task of enforcement in the cities will probably be the more difficult now that the strongly adverse sentiment of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cities is recorded in an official vote. Toronto gave a majority of approximately 50,000 against prohibition, and Ottawa, the seat of the provincial Government, recorded a very substantial "wet" majority.

Even so narrow a victory for prohibition may mean, however, the end of revulsion from prohibition sentiment which has taken most of the western provinces out of the "dry" column. "Wets" believed and "drys" feared that Ontario would follow the lead of Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan. It did not, and now that the prohibition forces have repulsed the shock attack they think of a new offensive to reconquer the lost territory in the west, and even to make conquests in Quebec.

It must be remembered that the proposition voted on in Ontario did not involve the return of the saloon. The question was between prohibition and the legalized sale of beverages in sealed packages under Government control. Had the return of the saloon been proposed, the prohibition majority probably would not have been so thin.

The present Prohibition Law was enacted in 1916 as a war measure. The plebiscite just held gave it its second confirmation. The first came in 1919, when seventeen cities gave a majority against prohibition only one-tenth as large as that of the recent vote. Country and small-town sentiment, apparently, did not change much during the intervening five years.

The Chinese Chess-Board

SOMETHING fairly definite, in the peculiarly indefinite Oriental way, apparently has occurred to bring cessation of the several-sided warfare in China and, if not to augur peace, at least to rearrange the pieces on the chess-board for another game. Perhaps only the Chinese mind can appreciate the niceties of the moves which checkmated Marshal Wu Pei-fu when he seemed on the verge of victory, and made Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," master of the puppet President, and therefore dictator of the Peking Government. Whatever the moves were, they resulted in orders from President Tsao Kun for general cessation of hostilities, in the deposition of Wu from the position of generalissimo and the establishment of Feng in his stead.

The "Christian General" Feng, who held a subordinate command under Wu in the warfare against the invading Manchurian General Chang Tso-lin, apparently deserted his chief and took possession of the city of Peking, which is equivalent to control of the Peking Government, such as it is. In order to do this, Feng left the portion of the country he was supposed to defend at the mercy of the Manchurian invader, Chang, which may be taken to indicate some sort of coalition between Feng and Chang.

Wu, thus deserted by his lieutenant with one of the best-trained armies in China, lost his opportunity to complete his mastery of China's twenty-one provinces and his position of importance with relation to the Peking Government. That position, in the disorganized state of things which has existed for some time, means little more than the opportunity to "run a bluff" in trading for comparatively petty advantages, domestic and foreign. But such power as the position confers is no longer held by Wu, the supposed friend of American interests. Whatever gain has been made by this *coup d'état* accrues to the Manchurian leader, Chang, of all the Chinese generals the most inclined to favor Japanese interests.

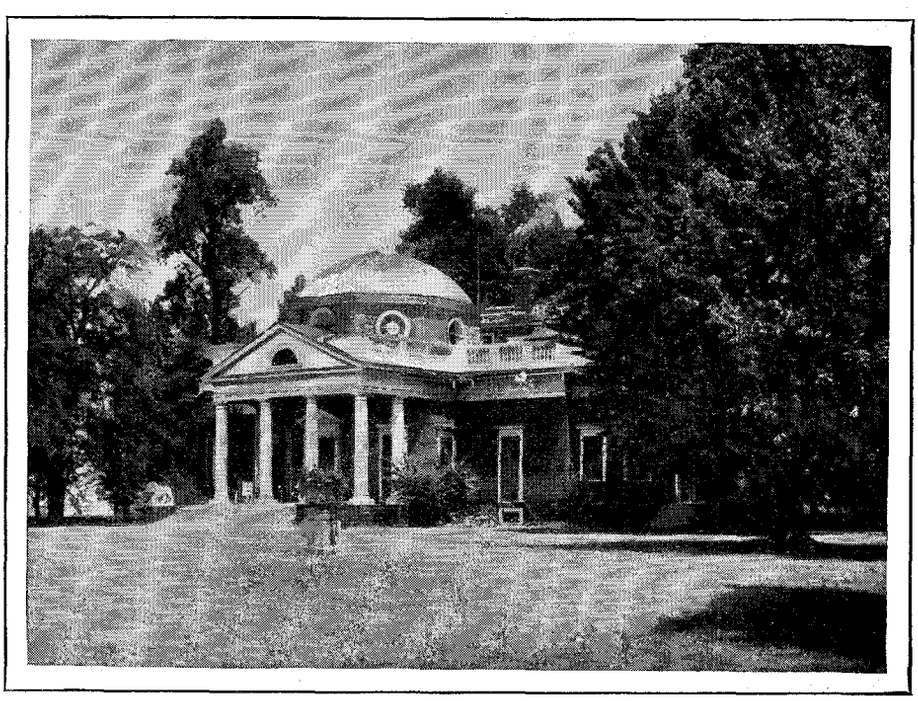
Old Homes

MONTICELLO, the home of Jefferson, has been bought by a memorial association and will be preserved as a National shrine. Jefferson was the chief exponent of one of the theories of government that has persisted in our National life and thought. He contributed much to the establishment of the Nation. Monticello may well be, down the years, an inspiration to Americans who are to perpetuate the Government he helped to establish.

Perhaps it would be an influence for good if places intimately associated with many of our Presidents were preserved for the public. Not many such places have been noticed so far. It may be that houses in any way typical of most of the Presidents never existed. There is, however, a sprinkling of Presidential shrines.

Washington's home at Mount Vernon is, of course, first. The Hermitage, which Andrew Jackson built in the wilderness, has been for many years maintained on much the same basis as Mount Vernon. The Lincoln cabin in Kentucky was fifteen years or more ago inclosed in an appropriate structure of stone and will stand through the centuries as a Lincoln shrine. Much has recently been done toward making a shrine of the Roosevelt house in New York City.

One other there is—the strangest, in a way the most interesting of all. It is the little frame building in Greeneville, Tennessee, where Andrew Johnson worked as a tailor. The signboard over the door still shows the name, but dimly after the weathering of eighty years since Johnson left his bench. He was to lose the love of his own people later on because he would not desert the Union. Still later, when that attitude had brought him the Presidency, he was to lose the esteem of those who supported him, to suffer im-



Monticello, Jefferson's home at Charlottesville, Virginia, which has been bought by a memorial association and will be preserved as a National shrine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peachment charges, and barely to escape removal from office, largely because he would not desert the people of the seceding States in defeat. Two years ago his State of Tennessee erected a memorial building over his old workshop.

Johnson can never have a place among the great Presidents, but Americans down the ages may draw inspiration from the life of a man who because of loyalty to country and loyalty to kindred suffered a double martyrdom.

To Aid Peaceful Arts

It is good news to all who are interested in American industrial development that a sum of two million dollars has been left by the late Henry R. Towne for the establishment in New York City of an industrial museum. No such permanent exposition of those arts and sciences which relate to industry exists, on any large scale at least, in this country.

The purpose and scope of the proposed institution is expressed in a statement in Mr. Towne's will. After calling attention to the fact that the United States is the greatest of industrial nations, he says:

> We do not possess any permanent exposition of American achievement in the peaceful arts, including agriculture, animal industry, forestry and woodworking, mining and metallurgy, transportation and communication, engineering and architecture, industrial chemistry, electrical mechanism, aeronautics, textiles, building trades, and all of these, including products, processes, and implements.

It has been suggested that if plans for a public Art Center in New York are carried out, this new museum might well be included. A special fund has been left by Mr. Towne for a campaign of education and publicity "to create a public understanding of the usefulness and importance of such an institute."

So far as we know, the most extensive and remarkable industrial museum is that known as the Deutsches Museum, in Munich, which was established a little less than twenty years ago. This is notable, not only because it treats every branch of science, invention, and industrial work in great detail, but because these things are popularized and, one might almost say, dramatized for the visitor. A description of the Deutsches Museum in The Outlook ten years ago stated that "the visitor himself works models, uses microscopes, sets the machines in motion." He goes down into a miniature mine, sees how the iron ore is obtained, and follows it on through all processes until he comes to a gigantic modern locomotive as the finished product. He goes into a booth, follows printed directions in several languages, and demonstrates for himself the work of the X-ray. Everything is visual, graphic, simple. Models, miniatures, automatic machines, are everywhere employed. How the Deutsches Museum has prospered during the war and since we do not know, but probably it might well serve, if not as a model for the proposed institution in New York, at least as a rich field of suggestion.

Do Students Read?

Nowadays students must read if they are to do good work and be graduated with good standing. The question has been raised, however, whether students do enough general reading not specially prescribed. The student would probably reply that the required reading is so extensive that he has very little time for reading either for pleasure or for general culture. On the other hand, the American Association of University Professors, with members from more than two hundred universities and colleges, thinks that something should be done to induce students to increase the scope of their reading. So the Association appointed a committee with the formidable name "On Increasing the Intellectual Interest and Raising the Intellectual Standards of Undergraduates."

A recent report of this Committee takes up this very question of general reading for students. Many specific suggestions are made. Some of these are technical or for the use of teachers; a few are of general purport. Thus one advocates the choice of teachers who are men of broad reading and human interest as well as scholars, encouraging them to talk about books and literature to the students outside the classroom as well as in, and in every possible way stimulating independent reading. Courses for freshmen which teach methods of reading and study and the right use of the college library are recommended. At Clark University the librarian has made a list of about two thousand volumes for a model private library, and it is suggested that such a model library, installed in an attractive special room in the college library, would be of value in encouraging reading, both in college and after college. Other commendable encouragements to reading for other purposes than examinations mentioned are Smith College's delightful "Browse Room" with its open fire and easy-chairs, and the bookstores in college towns in which the salesmen are college men. So also is the custom of the Harvard Co-operative Society in issuing from time to time a book catalogue which offers the undergraduate opportunities to obtain good literature at moderate prices. The Association also suggests that a suitable faculty committee might offer from time to time to the students selected reading lists apart from the college courses.

On the whole, the report of the Committee leaves us with an optimistic feeling as to what is being done in this direction, and not at all depressed as to the actual conditions existing.

Germany and the Next Peace

On November 11 it will be six years since the last shot fired in the World War was followed in all Allied countries by rejoicing. Since then the anniversary of the beginning of the Armistice has been celebrated. In Germany as well as in the Allied countries it is a day of remembrance of the dead; and it is also an occasion for expressing relief from the strain, the suffering, the offensiveness, and the horror of warfare. That day, however, has stood in the minds of the people throughout the world as something more than the ending of an evil experience; it has been the symbol of a hope, a promise of the future.

If that hope has been deferred till the hearts of many are sick, if that promise has seemed to many like a broken pledge, it is because men hope at once for too much and too little, because they believe too readily and yet do not believe enough.

After such an experience of struggle and pain the most desirable thing in the world seemed to be tranquillity. It was natural, therefore, that the peoples of the world were ready to welcome any plan that promised tranquillity, whatever the cost. They were ready to listen to those who called external peace the highest good. They were not in the mood to think of justice so long as justice involved the continuance of struggle. They even gave ear to those who asked, "What

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. & A. Photos

Percy D. Haughton, famous football coach

is justice?" as scornfully as Pilate asked, "What is truth?" They were inclined to think that, after all, those were right that idealized peace without victory. Of course all who think that tranquillity is the chief end of man, and is obtainable when justice is forgotten and victory over wrong is unprized, have been disappointed.

Too ardent a hope for tranquillity, too ready a faith in promises of tranquillity, makes hope for justice, faith in the promise of justice, difficult. Only those who are willing to struggle for the right can believe in it. Those who wish to banish struggle from their life cannot believe in anything that is worth struggling for.

The chief obstacle to peace is always injustice; and the chief obstacle to international justice to-day is still the mind of Germany. It was the mind of Germany that brought on the World War. It was the mind of Germany that made it possible for the German military machine to become an agency of mere destruction for the purpose, not of military victory, but the economic crushing of a neighbor.

As long as the mind of Germany is unchanged, so long will the struggle which from August, 1914, to November, 1918, took the form of armed hostilities continue. There are signs that the mind of Germany has been changing. The greatest achievement of the Dawes Report has been in its effect on the thinking of Germans.

With these principles in mind, our readers will find three articles in this issue provocative of thought. Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt's article indicates the connection between the present controversies in Europe and the battles that ended on Armistice Day. We do not agree with him when he implies that nations in war are not guided by ethical considerations. The very thing that made Germany most dangerous was Germany's war ethics. No one can read Bernhardi without seeing that Germany in undertaking war was not devoid of ethics, but was actuated by perverted ethics. And as long as America remembers and honors Grant and Lee, so long America in arms will count no war worth winning that is won at the expense of the higher ethics.

Mr. Hodges reports the mind of Germany to-day so far as it is dominated by the industrialists. It is evident that the mind of Germany as thus interpreted, though not that of ten years ago, is far from recognizing and acquiescing in the demands of justice.

Captain Eddy's article is a reminder to those who are weary of struggle that the German way of thinking would have dominated the world to-day had it not been for the willingness of men to sacrifice tranquillity for the sake of something more precious.

It is true that there will be no peace until Germany's will is enlisted on behalf of justice; but it can never be enlisted on behalf of justice except by those who are as willing to resist injustice as the man who offered their lives in the trenches and on the field of battle.

A Master of Football

THE sudden passing of Percy Duncan Haughton, master of American college football, came as a great shock to those who had been absorbed in his methods and his triumphs for years, and who had hoped that in the course of a still active coaching life he would further enrich the knowledge of the game, not merely among those who taught and played it, but among those who inhabit the great stadia on still, cold autumn afternoons. For Haughton did enrich the game as no man before him. The great and dominant personality, a little austere, a little cynical, perhaps, but still steeped in an abiding love of the game, has departed, but much is left behind. To determine just what that is it is first necessary to consider the man himself and his teams, especially during his régime at Harvard, a little more closely. Percy Haughton, or, as he was more familiarly known, "P. D.," had the gift of leadership, and the added asset of an incisive and inquisitive mind. A psychologist always, he ruled not only his players and bent them to his precise will, but he dominated the very supporters in the stands, and brought to life that great roar of cheering at the exact moment that has so often terrorized Harvard's opponents.

For Haughton was, first, last, and all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time, the complete dramatist. His teams marched to the beat of some mysterious inner cadence inexorably exact as the metronome, but these teams marched like an army with banners. It is not necessary here to delve into the thousand and one details of his coaching, carried on by able assistants, or the finesse with which he prepared his elevens for the big battles. These were bound up in his personality. Of greater import is it to lay hands on just what legacy he has left to the game itself. It is indeed a rich one.

He invented the modern generalship, the complete domination of the football terrain by the cold and calculating brain of the quarterback. He chose brains, not brawn, for *his* field generals, and required nothing further of them than to take command of every situation as it arose. This generalship aimed to bring the team at least five times in the course of a game into what are termed the "master positions" from which to score, and to keep the opponents' attainment down to a much lesser figure. Most of his teams accomplished just this. The process has come to be known as the "standard generalship."

Another invention was the football of cadence. Into the signal system that tolled off the single numbers like a drill-sergeant calling the beat for quick-time marching was built the starting signal that loosed the Crimson avalanche. He invented the system of running the defense by signal, and finding a leader for that defense equipped with as much brains as the attacking field general. He developed scientific punting and drop-kicking to a point never before attained, overlooking none of the arms of offense, and he brought out specialist after specialist. His own personal genius is lost, but his discoveries remain, and the system is at hand for any one to use who has the faith that Haughton had and some degree of leadership.

Organization, leadership, "coaching the coaches," insistent attention to detail, these are a few of the things that Haughton brought into the light. But, above all, he believed in drill. He invented the "soft scrimmage," that worked for precision, without risking injury. He never believed that an exhausted player was in any condition to learn. There was a great deal of personal sacrifice in playing for Haughton and a deal of monotony. He has been called a coach of "machines." No man evaluated the human element in football with greater accuracy. He has left behind him a system understood and taught by many men—among them his best pupils—a system without fundamental flaw, and of lasting benefit to the game itself.

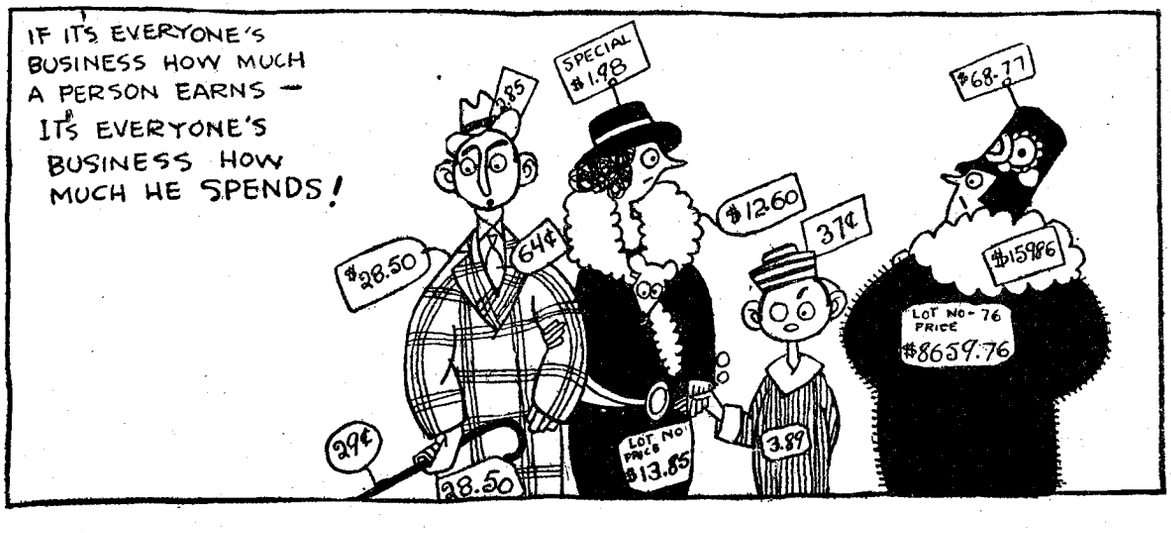
The Great Proboscis

ONCE upon a time a group of eminent Americans, foregathered in Philadelphia, made a declaration concerning certain self-evident truths. They held that governments are instituted among men in order to protect them in their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This was a novel doctrine to many of their contemporaries in Continental Europe, where government was regarded as a dispensation from above rather than an institution based upon the consent of the governed. It is somewhat bewildering to find our so-called radicals turning back to the principles and methods specifically and categorically abandoned by the Fathers of the Republic.

In simple terms the Fathers declared that the individual was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Not a word did they utter concerning the right to pursue the happiness of others. A citizen, they held, was entitled to privacy of conscience and the right to carve out his own destiny. The Government which the collective citizenry of the country ordained was a Government created to further the self-development of the individual citizen. Now our reactionary radicals, with their eyes turned toward Continental Europe and away from the faces of the founders, give evidence of their repudiation of this elementary American doctrine. Government, they hold, though it may spring from the people, has as its chief function the task of remolding the lives of the people in accordance with the desires and the wishes of whatever theorists may control it.

A dramatic illustration of the changes which these reactionary radicals would make in our whole theory of government was shown when thousands of Americans rubbed their unbelieving eyes as they saw the figures concerning the income tax of private citizens spread beneath the headlines in their daily papers. When the bill authorizing the Government to make public these tax returns was passed, The Outlook pointed out the exact implication of this measure. Now that the provision of this bill, written at the behest of the insurgent bloc in Congress, has gone into effect, the cries of indignation from all quarters portray something of that frantic activity of the proverbial effort to lock the door after the horse is stolen.

A more futile and senseless invasion of privacy than the publication of these income-tax figures it would be difficult to imagine. In no possible way can it aid in the detection of tax dodgers. It is a measure whose sole aim can be the grati-



H. W. Haenigsen in the New York Evening World

Why not carry this income publicity further?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fication of impertinent curiosity, and the only result can be the further destruction of trust in legitimate governmental activities.

The great proboscis of our Government is no longer satisfied to smell out matters of public concern. It has lost the power to discriminate between the private and the public life of its citizens. Against such an extension of "unwarranted jurisdiction" it is time to register a new declaration of independence and to reaffirm our determination to make evident the truth that the greatness of America lies, and must lie, in the freedom and the liberty of those who are the creators and not the creatures of her Government.

Figures, Fancies, and a Famous Man

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE other day I happened to run across, on an out-of-the-way book-shelf in my library, a biography that I had not looked at for twenty-five years, so that when I took it down I found that it had all the freshness of a just-published "best seller." It is the life of an English clergyman, or one who intended to be a clergyman, but who never went further in that profession than the office of deacon, perhaps because of theological difficulties. So he became a mathematician, and was mathematical lecturer at Christ Church College, Oxford, for twenty-five years. His name was Dodgson—the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Does that mean anything to you, Gentle Reader? I venture to say that to eight out of ten persons under whose eyes this article may fall the name of Charles L. Dodgson means nothing at all. And yet it is the name of one of the most widely read and beloved of English authors of the nineteenth century. Although he was an expert, not to say abstruse, mathematician and made many contributions to the literature of higher mathematics, a science which most normal children utterly detest, his best-known book has been read and re-read with absorbing interest and devotion by hundreds of thousands of English-speaking children, and will probably continue to be read by each succeeding generation as long as the English language lasts. He was the author of "Alice in Wonderland," which he wrote under the pen-name of Lewis Carroll. It is fortunate for the affectionate fame which the name of Lewis Carroll has achieved in the kingdom of childhood that his younger readers never know that he was a Professor of Higher Mathematics, for the doggerel quatrain is as true to-day for most children as on the day it was written:

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad.
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

What is there, I wonder, that makes delicate, subtle, and even whimsical fancy go hand in hand with mathematical genius? People, like myself, who have no capacity for mathematics generally regard it as the most austere, exacting, and unforgiving of all the sciences. It is a hard taskmaster, visiting the severest punishment on the slightest errors. Yet it is a fact that many distinguished mathematicians have been men of gentle humor and exuberant imagination. Pasteur, who before he became the greatest chemist of his age was a mathematician, intended to be an artist in his early youth. Some of his pastel portraits are still preserved as remarkable examples of the art of portraiture. Our own Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author of "But Yet a Woman," "Passe Rose," and "Diane and Her Friends" (the latter, to my mind, being unsurpassed in American fiction for the delicacy of its workmanship and the whimsicality of its humor), is a graduate of West Point and was for a long time Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College. How the same mind could produce a volume on the "Elements of Quaternions" and create the elusive and fascinating Diane is beyond my comprehension. Nevertheless Mr. Hardy has done it. Lewis Carroll's mind was made of the same stuff.

The laws of mathematics were apparently created when the universe was created. Or, rather, they were perhaps never created, but have always existed fixed and immutable. It takes, however, a creative mind to understand them. That is doubtless why the first reaching out of Pasteur's mind was towards the expression of beauty of form and color in pastel portraits, and why Lewis Carroll was an amateur photographer of very gifted accomplishment. His Life by S. D. Collingwood (the Century Company) is illustrated by many of the photographic portraits which he made with his own camera. For composition and lifelike effectiveness, although they are not very well printed in the volume which I own, I do not see anything in the work of our modern half-professional amateurs that surpasses them. Tennyson said—Tennyson, who was familiar with the famous work of his friend Mrs. Cameron—that Lewis Carroll's photographic portrait of Alice Liddell as a beggar child was "the most beautiful photograph he had ever seen."

Alice Liddell was one of the daughters of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, whose name as co-author of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon will be anathema or blessed to American college graduates in accordance with their attitude towards the undergraduate hours which they were compelled to devote to, or waste in, the study of the complicated hieroglyphics of the Athenians. Although Lewis Carroll was a bachelor, perhaps because he was a bachelor, he understood and enjoyed children. One day in 1862 he took the three Liddell children on a picnic "up the river"—he does not say whether it was the Thames or the Cherwell—and during the excursion told them a fairy tale which developed into "Alice in Wonderland." Its great success, with its charming illustrations by Sir John Tenniel, was an astonishment even to the author. Thereafter to the day of his death he maintained two personalities, as it were, living his clerical and mathematical life under the name of Dodgson and his story-telling life under the name of Carroll. "Alice" has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Dutch, and the "Father William" poem has even been turned into Arabic. Lewis Carroll's biographer describes the amusing perplexities which the translators had with the puns and parodies and whimsies with which the book abounds. "At two points, however, both M. Bué and Miss Antonie Zimmermann, who translated the tale into German, were fairly beaten: the reason for the whiting being so called, from its doing the boots and shoes, and for no wise fish going anywhere without a porpoise, were given up as untranslatable."

Lewis Carroll immensely enjoyed the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy of the Century Company, New York

The original "Alice" of "Alice in Wonderland"

(Lorina, Alice, and Edith Liddell)

From a photograph by Lewis Carroll

quaint sayings of children, and kept a commonplace book or card catalogue to record them. When "Through the Looking-Glass" followed "Alice in Wonderland," he set down the answer of a little girl whom he asked if she had read the two books. "'Oh, yes, I have read both of them, and I think' (this more slowly and thoughtfully), 'I think "Through the Looking-Glass" is more stupid than "Alice's Adventures." Don't you think so?'"

Many of Lewis Carroll's friendships with children were begun by chance meetings on railway trains or on sand beaches at the seaside. To these chance acquaintances he often immediately wrote letters which cemented the casual meeting into a friendship. The following are characteristic examples:

Christ Church,
December 15, 1875.

My dear Magdalen—I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people on the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first, then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said, "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" and myself said, "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen," and me said, "I used to like her a little; not much, you know—only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON.

Christ Church, Oxford,
October 13, 1875.

My dear Gertrude—I never give birthday *presents*, but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday *letter:* so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like *that*, would you? You would say "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

The author of "Alice" did not confine his whimsicality to his intercourse with children. As the Rev. Mr. Dodgson, Lecturer on Mathematics at Oxford, he sometimes introduced it in his serious scientific work and in the political controversies of the University. In 1855 the appointment of Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, as Regius Professor of Greek raised a great rumpus because of Jowett's alleged liberal theology. It is not quite clear whether Mr. Dodgson sympathized with the orthodox opponents of Jowett or was poking fun at them—probably poking fun, as his own theology was liberal. At any rate, this was his published comment upon the controversy: "Let U = the University, G = Greek, and P = Professor. Then G P = Greek Professor; let this be reduced to its lowest terms and call the result J [*i .e.*, Jowett]." In 1865 Mr. Gathorne Hardy, an ultra-Conservative, who afterwards became the Earl of Cranbrook, contested with Mr. Gladstone for the representation of Oxford in Parliament. The struggle was a bitter one, and Mr. Gladstone was defeated. Mr. Dodgson commented upon the campaign in a kind of mathematical parody, of which the following were some of the "Definitions:"

Plain Superficiality is the character of a speech, in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

Plain Anger is the inclination of two voters to one another, who meet together, but whose views are not in the same direction.

When two parties, coming together, feel a Right Anger, each is *said* to be *complimentary* to the other, though strictly speaking, this is very seldom the case.

A surd is a radical whose meaning cannot be exactly ascertained.

Here we may appropriately take leave of this happy clergyman with the whispered aside that some of our own radicals, in the political campaign which we have just passed through, answer very well to the punning definition which Lewis Carroll gave to the radicals of his own day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The English Elections

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

"HIGHER, higher," was the cry of a shrill, feminine voice last night up in the gallery. Stanley Baldwin, ex-Conservative Premier, had remarked that as they took office the MacDonald people promised cheaper food, but that after three-quarters of a year of office the price remained "practically the same as a year ago." "Higher, higher," also asserts the lady at whose house I am staying.

In rejoinder to some Socialist attacks, Mr. Baldwin then spoke of hitting below the belt, and added, slyly, "Belts are worn much lower now." At this sally the applause and laughter were indeed led by the women auditors.

These two references indicate the increasing prominence of women in the English electoral campaign. A further and more impressive element is the fact that there are many more women candidates for Parliamentary seats than there were a year ago.

Anyway, women, particularly housewives, are especially interested in present issues. To them, quite as much as to their men-folk, the chief issues are:

1. A fall in living costs; particularly in bread and bacon.
2. Decent homes and more of them.
3. Employment for all and full-time employment.
4. A living wage.

We have already noted the answer to the first issue. The answer to the second is that fewer houses have been built under the Labor-Socialist than under the preceding administration, and at a higher cost. The Socialist administration's answers to the third and fourth problems are similarly disappointing, especially in the case of unemployment.

The result of all is that to-day I read this Anti-Socialist campaign poster:

WHAT'S UP?
Unemployment up!
Cost of living up!
Prices of houses up!
To Bolsheviks—hands up!

It's UP to YOU
to bring them DOWN!

In addition to the four mentioned, there are two other issues. The first and graver is that compelled by Mr. MacDonald's onslaught on a Constitutional principle. Amazing as it may seem, the Government's prosecution of a Communist editor for incitement to sedition was suddenly withdrawn. Why? Because, as universally believed, of pressure from Mr. MacDonald's most radical supporters. Never has there been a clearer case, it would seem, of the interference of politics in the course of justice.

The Prime Minister seized upon this event as an excuse for an appeal to the country, for he wanted to save himself from certain defeat in the Parliament debate on the treaty which he had made with the Russian Bolsheviks. There is thus the issue of the Government's foreign policy before the voters.

When, last January, the King asked for the services of Mr. MacDonald as Premier of a new Cabinet, England seemed to have fallen into her old policy of "splendid isolation." Certainly, on the Continent she had for a long time had to submit to the masterful will of M. Poincaré. But she was represented by an idealist, a doctrinaire, Ramsay MacDonald, whose rather mystic, certainly eloquent, and very Wilsonian language contrasted strikingly with the clear, compact, precise, and rather peremptory phrases of the French statesman. Some months later, however, Mr. MacDonald found in a new French Premier, M. Édouard Herriot, a man more to his liking. Both men, for the nonce, at least, worked well together. Concerning Germany the Dawes Plan brought them into nearly equal step. Concerning the Russian Bolsheviks, however, they showed such extreme generosity as to seem culpable to many of us.

Turning to Mr. MacDonald's internal policy, the anti-Socialist world has been agreeably surprised to note no effort on his part towards such radical measures as the nationalization of mines or of the great industries or of banks, or towards a capital levy, or towards any great social change. The new Premier was evidently so eager to gain the nation's confidence that he would not realize his own programme. His great ambition was to improve internal affairs by an amelioration of external relations. The English people must depend upon the foreigner to absorb a part of their own activity. At the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations the other day the British representatives were working hard on the problems of arbitration, security, and armament reduction, not only in the interest of the whole world, but in particular in the interest of Great Britain, with her world commerce. Nor did Mr. MacDonald lose sight of the fact that in this he was also faithful to his own party's aim, for true Socialists shrink from everything military.

To sum up, the Labor-Socialist Party here is not in the strategic position that it was a year ago, despite its good records in some things. This for three reasons: First, as I have said, it has not fulfilled its promise to remedy the evil—unemployment—by reason of which it came into office. Second, it has now no longer favoring its success at the polls the discontent created a year ago by Mr. Baldwin's sudden protagonism for protection in a generally free-trade country.

P. & A. Photos

The British Premier's daughter, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, campaigning in Nottinghamshire for her brother, Malcolm MacDonald, who has been in America with the Oxford University debating team. Miss MacDonald is shaking hands with miners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Baldwin and his party have thought better of this now and have relegated protection to a back seat. In the third place, the previous Conservative administration had reduced the country's war liabilities, had appreciably lowered taxation, and had piled up a big surplus. The Socialists' record regarding each of these things has been a disappointment to them and to others.

Besides all this, many remember that the man who intervened to save a Communist from being tried and punished for inciting soldiers to mutiny, and who now would lend the honored name of his country to a Government which his own Chancellor described yesterday as "detestable," is the man who in 1914 wrote that the only reasons for war with Germany were that the Foreign Office was anti-German and that the Admiralty was anxious to seize any opportunity of using the navy in battle practice; that this man, as one of the leaders of the Independent Labor Party, was responsible for that party's resolution passed a half-year later to the effect that all its members be requested not to assist the Government in recruiting campaigns; finally that he, another half-year later, declared himself against conscription, "hateful to every instinct of liberty and every assumption of democracy." As it did a year ago, so this memory in the anti-Socialist mind accentuates the mistrust of Mr. MacDonald. In harmony with the sickly-looking foliage of the Hyde Park trees, now almost bare, so Mr. MacDonald's rhetoric has worn pretty thin.

To what leader shall Englishmen now turn? Among the Conservatives, to Stanley Baldwin? He is of all men preeminently quiet, self-contained, self-confident, sincere. He lacks MacDonald's magnetism; but he is a safer leader.

Or, on the Liberal side, to Mr. Asquith? He is able and with ripe experience, but he does not thrill; his name does not *ring*. Lloyd George's does still, to a certain extent, but not as it did.

Last year, as the result of triangular elections, the anti-Socialist vote was split enough to insure the entrance of nearly 70 Socialists into Parliament, who otherwise might have been excluded. The uniting of the anti-Socialist vote, therefore, ought to mean in practically every case a Socialist defeat in the nearly 70 constituencies. This union has taken place in about 50 of these constituencies. So active have been the movements towards amalgamation that Mr. MacDonald is justly alarmed, and at Oldham the other night dubbed them "cold, callous, calculating combinations."

London, October 17, 1924.

Bill White and the Shirt-Tail Rangers

Special Correspondence from Kansas

By JOHN M. K. ABBOTT

THE most interesting thing in Kansas right now is Bill White's campaign for Governor. Bill the Younger, who is, of course, entirely absorbed in the thing, has the finest chauffeur's job in the country. His father wants to get out and talk to the folks, so Bill is driving him in the family Dodge (vintage of 1919) over the prairies, over the flint hills, through the wheat country, through the oil fields, from town to town, everywhere that is Kansas. And when William Allen White talks to the folks, he talks.

I don't suppose there ever was such a gubernatorial campaign. I have been rather fortunate in getting something of a close-up of the thing. On two occasions I have substituted for young Bill in doing a little gubernatorial chauffeuring myself—the last time was a week ago, when the candidate was brought to Wichita for a good night's rest.

Here's the situation at a glance. Jonathan Davis is running for re-election on the Democratic ticket. In the Republican primaries to pick Davis's opponent Ben Paulen, who has a good reputation as a banker, defeated two men, Reed and Stubbs. As you probably know, the Klan issue was injected at the start, when Paulen was accused of having the Klan's support. The anti-Klan vote went to Reed and Stubbs, neither of whom polled enough votes to head off Paulen, although their combined totals were away beyond his vote. That made it Davis against Paulen.

The Klan issue came out with a loud bang when the Republican Convention met at Topeka. An attempt to get an anti-Klan plank in the platform failed, and when an anti-Klan resolution was about to come up on the floor the move was headed off by Paulen himself. It was this which decided Mr. White. "The Klan put a gag on my party," he says. He just made up his mind that it was time for "this fat little bald-headed fellow from Emporia" (his description) to put the Klan thing up to the folks.

He had never run for office in his life. He talked it over with Mrs. White and his son, Bill, and then one day handed to the foreman of the printing-room in the "Gazette" office a copy of a petition to set up. According to the State law, he needed 2,500 signatures by petition in order to have his name placed on the ballot. He got 10,000 in little more than a week without so much as asking help from a single solicitor. So that's how William Allen White, editor and author, came to be a political candidate.

And he has been pushing his candidacy all over the State, traveling in the Dodge, making five and six speeches a day always to crowded halls, and always lighting into the Klan gently, like a ton of brick. He doesn't give a rap for the conventional gubernatorial campaign equipment. He has no committees, no speakers' bureau, no publicity staff except the boys in the "Gazette" office, no elaborate headquarters, no literature, no anything except William Allen White. On the way from Winfield to Arkansas City (that was part of my chauffeuring) he told me that all that stuff about huge campaign expenses was bunk if a man had a real issue. He draws $25 from the bank on Monday morning for campaign expenses. At Arkansas City—it was Saturday night—he pulled $13 from his pants pocket. He told me the previous week he had arrived back home in Emporia with $4 left of his weekly allotment. He "mooches" some of his hundreds of friends, he declares, whenever he wants dinner and a bed.

I wish you could hear Mr. White when he warms up to his work of lambasting the Klan. I have heard him three times now, and he does not use gloves, I can assure you. He scarcely has the "Ladies and gentlemen" off his chest when he comes out with something to this effect: "I am running for Governor for one reason, and only one reason, to put—the—Ku — Klux — Klan — out — of — business—in—Kansas." Whereupon the Kluxers in the audience (you can almost always spot some of them by the way they don't applaud) turn one shade more gloomy. The speaker then goes on with the genuine Kansas language, and there's nothing in the East to compare with it.

"One day there came up from Oklahoma," Mr. White will say in telling how Paulen came to be picked for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. & A. Photos

A gentleman whom William Allen White describes as a "fat little bald-headed fellow from Emporia"

nomination, "a crowd of cyclopses—and dragons—and kleagles—and furies—and terrors—and wizards—and callithumpians—and willopus-wallupuses—and they held a meeting in Wichita with some Kansas genii—and pterodactyls—and whangdoodles." Whangdoodles is as far as he generally gets!

"Shirt-tail rangers down in the cow pastures," is another favorite line. He has slues of them. The White version of the Kansas motto, *"Ad Astra per Aspera,* by the way, is *"Ad Astra per Cow Pasture."*

In a homely way, without any frills, he tells the folks who pack his meetings —the one I attended at Winfield in the opera house was a sardined crowd in spite of a World Series baseball game being recorded just around the corner—that both Davis and Paulen are Klan-picked candidates and that the shirt-tail rangers of the Invisible Empire don't care which one is elected. When his audience is thoroughly warmed up to him, he gives them a serious discussion of what the Klan means in this Nation where "under the Constitution we are all just plain folks, just folksy folks, starting from the taw line together." He gets a tremendous laugh when he gets back to the concert (first he gives them a concert, and then he sells the soap, and then he gives them some more concert) with a description of how when the Jews and the Catholics and the Negroes have been relegated to the corners of the cow pasture and when the Klan has gone on and sent the Episcopalians and the Baptists and the Presbyterians after them, they will discover in the dictionary "that after Catholic comes Congregational—and that's me." Mr. White claims a perfect right to talk about Americanism because his people came over so long ago that if his vest were unbuttoned the audience would see a blue Yankee stripe running from his belt to his chin.

The crowds enjoy every minute of his speeches, unless it be the Ku Kluxers, who may not like it so well. But most of them stay. Over at El Dorado three or four of them rather conspicuously walked out on him after his talk was about ten minutes old.

"I don't blame you; I would too if I were you," Mr. White called after them. The crowd rocked with mirth.

About three minutes later a young, nice-looking fellow stood up in the center of the floor with his hand upraised as if he were in school.

"I've got to work," he pleaded. Mr. White excused him. Nobody else walked out of that meeting!

I would not give you an accurate idea of this campaign if I didn't convey the impression that Bill White is just having the time of his life. He is out for the principle of the thing. If he gets licked, he won't worry. He is anything in the world but a professional office-seeker. He is out against the Klan, and he revels in the fight. "Everywhere I go I get the same crowds," he told me. "It's just one picnic after another."

He is right about the crowds. When he was talking in the industrial region, to the miners in the southeastern part of the State, for example, hundreds of persons came over from Missouri to hear him, although they haven't a thing to do with this campaign. And all along the southern tier of counties hundreds of Oklahomans swelled his audiences. The Klan is something they understand. It is very real and very close at home. They get it. It is an issue; Mr. White is perfectly right about that.

Of course he has a platform—something to this effect: He is progressive, and those who would elect him would come from all camps. He would therefore steer a middle course as Governor. He would not try any new-fangled ideas, but develop what the State already had. He would take the schools of higher education out of politics. He would favor the child labor amendment. He would favor economy. He won't join the procession of liars who promise tax reduction knowing that that is the Legislature's job. And he won't promise to bring the farmers Utopia overnight. "I will promise to clean out your cow pastures, though," he says. And there you have it: The big thing is the Klan.

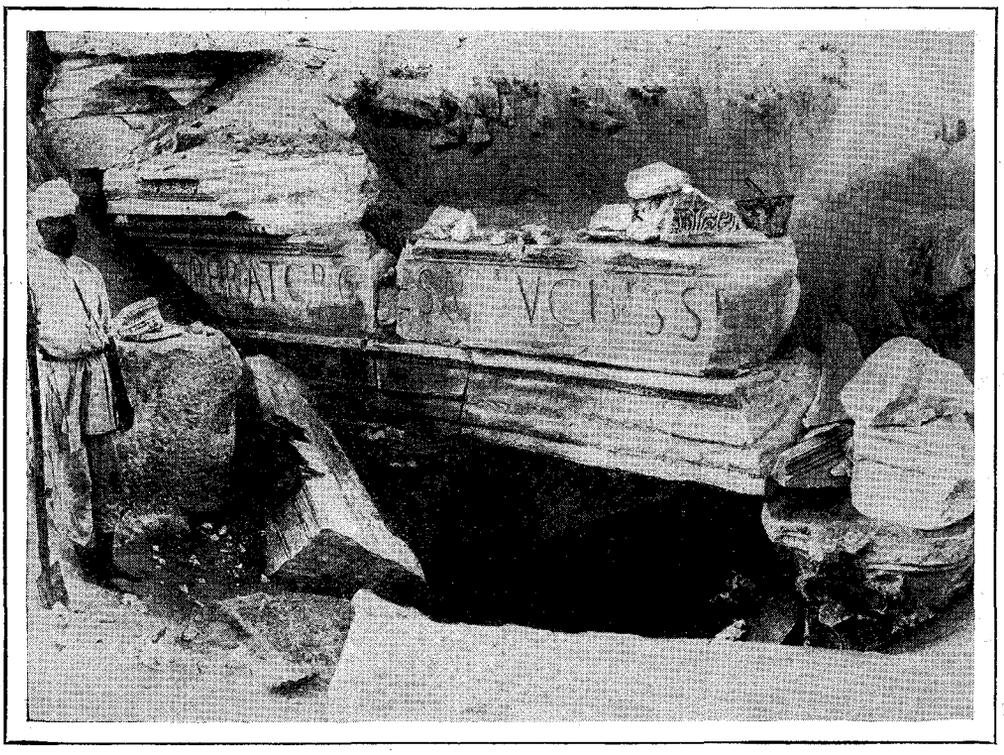
How it will all come out nobody will venture to predict. It was thought at first that Mr. White, by splitting the Republican vote, would surely hand the election to Davis. But Davis is certainly not widely popular and it is doubtful just how big a vote he will poll. The feeling grew as the campaign wore on that victory lay between Paulen and White. Mr. White has been pushing his opponents hard. There is no better evidence of that than the circulation of a silly letter, obviously a forgery, purporting to have been written by Mr. White and showing what a hard time he was having finding anybody to listen to him! He has been reading it at all his meetings lately and making capital of it.

A most important break came the other day when Charles F. Scott, editor of the Iola "Register," bolted Paulen and came out for Mr. White. Scott is widely known as a "Regular." Bolting the party ticket for him was undoubtedly a very hard thing to do. But he did it, and will certainly carry others with him. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Mr. White now has all of an even chance to win. If he does, it will be a real family triumph, for Mrs. White and Bill have been in the fight from the start and every minute of it.

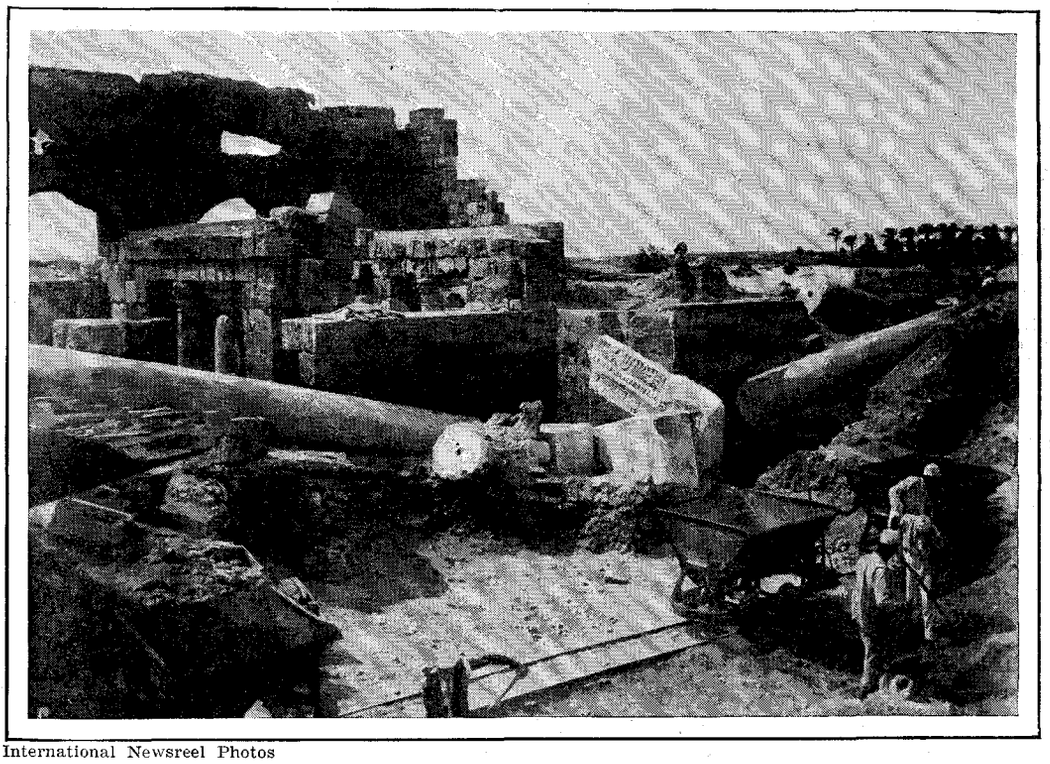
The scrap in New York between Roosevelt and Smith—why, we here in Kansas wouldn't trade it for this one for anything!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rome's Forgotten Glory



Inscription on façade of the Imperial Palace at Leptis Magna—dedicated to "Imperator Caesari Lucius Septimius Severus." Part of the inscription can be deciphered in the picture



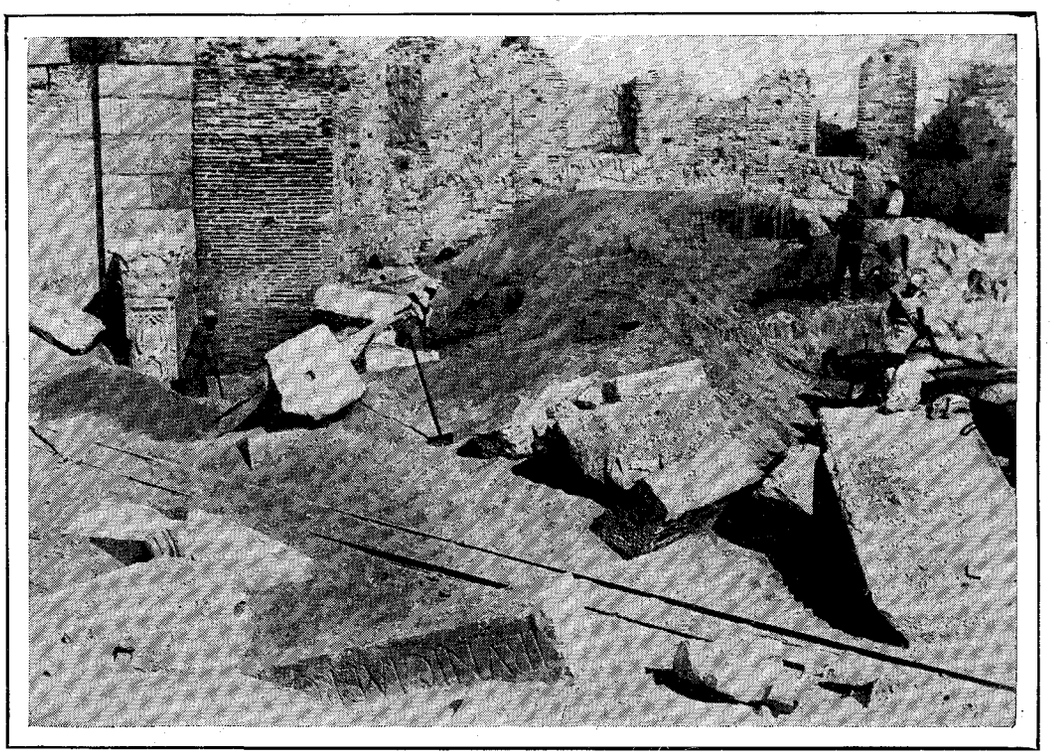
Excavators at work amid the ruins of the buried city—the demolition evident here probably having been caused by an earthquake

International Newsreel Photos

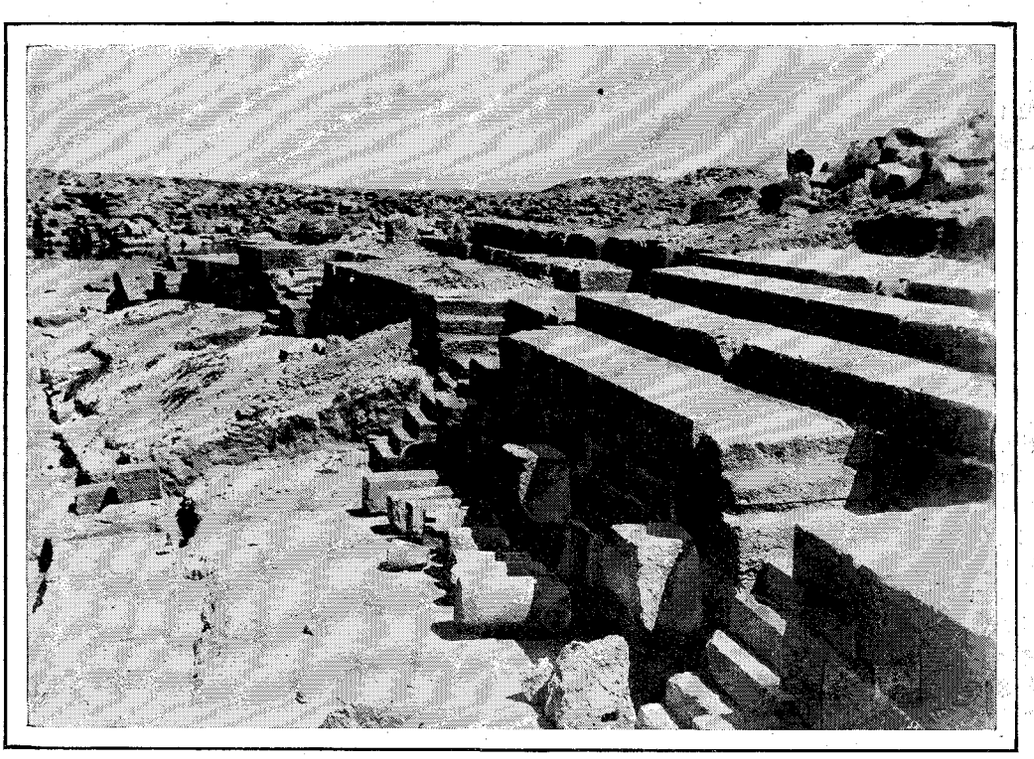
THE ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna, situated in northern Africa about one hundred miles east of Tripoli, was abandoned on the decline of the Roman Empire and has lain buried for centuries. It is now being excavated under the direction of Professor Renato Bartoccini, of the Italian Department of Fine Arts. This city, which once had a population of over 100,000, was the birthplace of a Roman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exhumed in Africa



At the rear of the Imperial Palace—note the marble block bearing the partly legible inscription "Tribunicia Potestas," referring to the tribune of Septimius Severus



The harbor of Leptis Magna, almost freed from sand, is coming to light again. The steps formerly led down to the water. To these wharves were moored the grain ships and war galleys of Rome

Emperor, Septimius Severus. His palace in Leptis Magna has been uncovered within the past few weeks. "Leptis Magna," says Professor Bruno Roselli, of Vassar College, an authority on the subject, as reported in the New York "Times," "has far more imposing structures and more valuable works of art than any found in Pompeii. No buried city has ever yielded anything like it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November Obsession

By Marjorie Meeker

Like withered words, like lovely words forgotten,
Comes the brittle, windless whisper of autumn leaves—
(April is lost, I have loved a flame and a shadow)
It is the year, and not my heart, that grieves.

Let old winds cry around forsaken corners,
And rattle the bare tree-branches like dry bones;
All things are autumn's to the wind's gray calling,
Deep-drowning in autumnal monotones.

Vast is the voice of wind through empty gardens,
Lonely the call down bird-forsaken eaves—
(April is lost, I have loved a flame and a shadow)
Any sound is better than rustling of leaves.

The American Legion in the Year to Come

By James A. Drain

The Legion represents the organized opinion of hundreds of thousands of veterans of the World War. This announcement of the programme of the Legion is put forth by the National Commander who is to guide its destiny during the next twelve months

LET me say at the start that the Legion has no justification for existence except through its capacity of service to the country. Let me say further that this service must be given as unselfishly in peace as it was given in war.

This is the immovable foundation upon which the Legion is built. Through five years the Legion has gone forward with this creed guiding it. It starts the sixth year still adhering to that creed. Its record for the five years that have gone before stands firm. It needs no prop. It will need none in the years to come.

If the day ever dawns when the maimed and sick veterans of the World War are receiving the treatment which is their just due, the American Legion will cease to make that its chief concern. As it is now—even though a great number of faults have been eliminated—there are wide gaps in the line of defense which must be closed before the agencies administering to the care of the disabled are functioning at maximum.

This, then, is first on the Legion's calendar, the place it has always had during the years the organization has existed. It was at the instance of the Legion that the cumbersome, almost numberless, non-workable bureaus, which fell over each other in trying to care for the disabled, were abolished and the United States Veterans' Bureau created. This was historical, for it gave the country one distinct unit on which to place the responsibility if the disabled were not being cared for.

The Veterans' Bureau, under the law, must be held strictly accountable for medical care, rehabilitation, and compensation of this unfortunate class of World War veterans. It is the Governmental agency which must receive the approbation and the fangs of dissatisfaction from the country.

The Veterans' Bureau to-day, while it is functioning more efficiently than ever before and possibly is on a par with other Government agencies, continues to fall short of the Legion's ideal. Until the disabled are receiving the super-service which a grateful people have announced in no uncertain terms they shall receive, the Legion will remain unsatisfied. It will continue to exercise its undeniable right, as the representative ex-service men's organization, to criticise the Bureau. Fault-finding will never be done unjustly, and will not be done at all until the officials of this all-important unit of the Government have had every opportunity to carry out the provisions of the disabled laws as they now stand.

Lest there be misunderstanding, I wish to make clear that the Legion—with its own rehabilitation organization of Nation-wide proportions—is ever ready to work with the Bureau officials to the end that this super-service may be the more quickly realized. Every Legion facility has been placed without restriction at the disposal of the Veterans' Bureau officials. They have been accepted, and without question will continue to be accepted during the coming year.

It is a short step only from the care of the actual casuals of the greatest conflict in history to the care of the innocent humans who were cast high and dry when the tide of war receded. War in any form breeds disaster of the form that leaves no one class untouched. Only one class, the children, are without the means of defending themselves. This Nation to-day has 5,000 orphans whose mothers or fathers or both were veterans. The care of the waifs of war is second on our programme, second only to the care of those men whose physical selves were shattered while following their Nation's flag.

The only heritage these children have is the memory of a father or mother who died that their country might live. The Legion realizes that every child has the right to a normal happy, and contented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. This realization caused the Legion to take as its wards every orphan, particularly those whose parents were in uniform during the war period.

The Legion programme of child welfare has one basic principle, namely, that every child is entitled to a home of its own and a mother of its own, either its own mother or an adopted one. It believes and is carrying out the additional principle that the children of one family should be kept together.

To this end the Legion Nationally, working, of course, in conjunction with its State departments and local posts, is continually striving to place in good homes those orphans coming to its attention. Where it is at all possible the Legion assists financially and otherwise to keep the child with its own mother in those cases where the father has died, leaving child and mother little or no means of support.

When no home is available, the children are placed in the Legion Child Welfare Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan. This billet is maintained exclusively by our organization. At present it is composed of three large, comfortable buildings equipped with every modern convenience. Another will be built this year. In no sense can this billet be called other than a home. The children are called each morning, as in a real home. They attend the public schools, return, and have their recreation in their own yard, cared for by housemothers who know and love children.

The Legion last year received a gift of 388 acres of land in Montgomery County, Kansas. This gift and $100,000 in cash has been accepted by the National organization from the Department of Kansas. The property will be improved and another billet for child welfare established.

To carry out its programme of orphan care the Legion intends raising an endowment of such proportions that every parentless child shall, until it becomes of age, have the care and attention which the Almighty intended it should have.

As part of its Americanism work during the coming year, the Legion will unquestionably fight for the enactment of a law placing at the disposal of the Government in time of war, not only the man power to fight, but the man power to make munitions, the finances, and every other resource needed successfully to carry on a war. This is the so-called Universal Draft Act, which received great attention when it was introduced into the last Congress and which is now before the House Military Affairs Committee. The Legion will appear before the country with the convening of the next Congress to urge the passage of this act, on the grounds that in time of war it is only right that the man in the trench should be placed on an even plane with the man in the shipyard and the man who manufactures the bayonet. War, the Legion believes, is every one's job. To finish that job as efficiently as possible requires the doing away of distinctions, the placing of every citizen on an even basis, the subjecting to immediate Government call every industry, every natural resource, whether publicly or privately owned.

The Legion stands for a programme of sound preparedness. It believes in the National Defense Act and a National Defense Day. It opposes any changes in the former and has pledged itself to take an active part in the latter.

The Legion as an organization has no interest in politics as they apply to one party or another. Those who hold local, State, or National office in the Legion are prohibited from taking part in political campaigns. They are expected and urged, however, to exercise the right of every citizen and vote. The Legionnaire who does not hold office is just as strongly urged to take an active interest in the affairs of his party, work for that party, if he so desires, and assist in getting others to vote. It was the belief of its organizers that the Legion must be non-partisan. The wisdom of that belief has been proved with time, and at the last National Convention, held in St. Paul, the following resolution, sweeping in its content, was passed:

> Reaffirming that The American Legion is non-political in character and expressing the sense that the National Constitution of The American Legion prohibits all officers, employees or representatives of the National, Departmental and Post organizations from taking any part whatsoever in the affairs of a candidate for political office, and calling upon the National Officers and the National Executive Committee of The American Legion to be vigilant in preventing the violation of such non-political character.

This leaves no room for the splitting of hairs.

The advocating or the fighting against all those things which the Legion may be either for or against must come, in the final analysis, from the local Legion post. The organization's strength is these 11,000 units, which, knitted together, make up the Legion as a whole. The Legion knows its programme to be one which will help the country. It believes the citizenry is behind it. It wishes their support, and it wishes to give its support to those things which will help the community, State, and Nation. The National and State organizations urge the individual posts to take the lead in all forms of community endeavor where leadership is needed. Where it is wise to join in any movement sponsored by another individual or agency, the post is urged to get behind that movement.

The value of the Legion post to the community was realized at the 1923 National Convention when it was voted to establish a National Community and Civic Betterment Bureau, which would have as its object the arousing of interest in all posts in community endeavor, furnishing plans and helping to carry these plans through, that the Legion may take its place as a community asset. It is the desire of the Legion that the leaders in every community shall look to the post for help when any constructive community project is being considered. They will find the post willing.

P. & A. Photos

James A. Drain, newly elected head of the American Legion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Victorious Germany—the Pathology of Defeat

By CHARLES HODGES

Assistant Professor of Politics, New York University

THE face of a country tells a great deal about a people—their place in the world, their problems, their ambitions. No one can cross Germany on a diagonal drawn from the upper Rhine in the west to the Elbe in the east without seeing that Nietzsche's "will to power" is imprinted on this part of the Teutonic landscape. It is, moreover, the very backbone of Germany to-day and to-morrow.

The truth about Germany is written in a pastoral hand, agriculture standing out as more intensive than anywhere else in western Europe. The fields repeat themselves in endless precision. There is a painful duplication of what might well be an endless market-garden district, resembling a super Long Island, feeding vast urban populations. It bespeaks of narrow margins of existence, more reminiscent of China's teeming millions and a "spade" economy than anything elsewhere in the Occident. The railroad right of way plunges through kilometer after kilometer of commercial forest. The stands of timber are precisely at attention, stripped of all wasted limbs. Geometric dividends in terms of decades flicker by; one even suspects the distant somber woodlands climbing away toward the Alpine triangle that is the peak of Central Europe. A dominant civilization has fastened itself patently to the land. Its scientific hand calculatingly puts in its tenth to harvest tenfold.

It is written in an industrial script, written large in the obtruding industrial centers, the stacks, the smoke of creative enterprise. To the door of France and Switzerland the flood plain of the upper Rhine shows this almost mushroom-like expansion of German manufacturing power. The abrupt appearance of factories thrusting themselves out from the sylvan setting reveals how far the very nemesis of modern machines underlies Germany's world position. Bitterfeld, Mülheim, Karlsruhe, Frankfort—the industrial tempo increases. It becomes the outstanding German note in the landscape. Periodically, high-power electric transmission stalks mysteriously from somewhere to somewhere else. The easy curves of the cables help one to understand why German man power is not to be seen in the fields; there is obviously a place for it in the plant at the end of the line.

It is written in a determined maritime hand. The docks of Hamburg and the Elbe shipyards punctuate the story of world-wide economic relations vital to the Fatherland, whether empire or republic. Newest tonnage still on the ways; new tonnage restlessly seeking the currents of international business; the old, pre-war tonnage gone, turned over to the reparations account of the Allies—Germany girds herself with economic trappings to face the morrow.

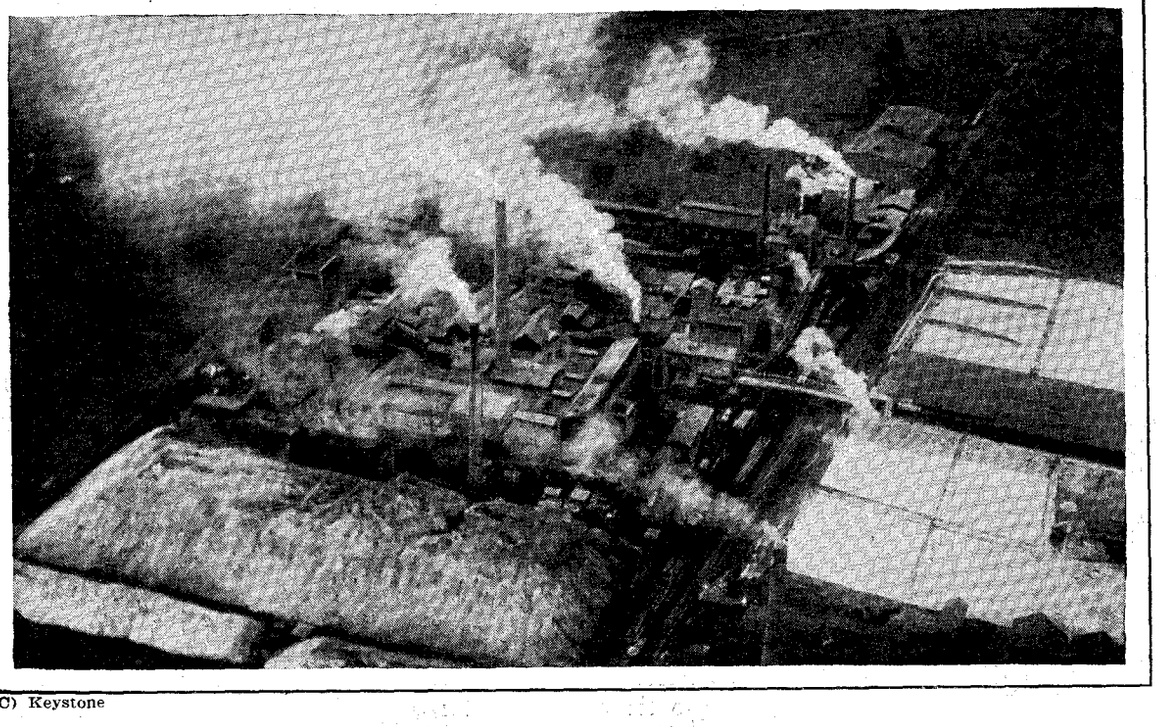
The Most Monstrous Thing

THE very outstanding strength of Germany's industrial power lends a sardonic note to the "most monstrous" thing the Teutonic mind has met apparently in history. It is that full stop to Imperial German political ambition which America and the Allies know as the Treaty of Versailles.

Whatever is wrong in the German Fatherland becomes a "typical instance" of the wrongs inflicted on Germany—and on a world which, the Teutons believe, cannot prosper without German prosperity—by the Peace Treaty. They will tell you in the German Foreign Office that if it were not for the monstrosity of Versailles things would be very different in the realm of high politics. Now the Wilhelmstrasse is too poor to play the rôle Germany should occupy once again in international relations. What can one expect, they demand, when six out of every ten frock-coated officials are laboring on this problem or that springing from a treaty of

"The truth about Germany is written in a pastoral hand. . . . The fields repeat themselves in endless precision—an endless market-garden district, resembling a super Long Island, feeding vast urban populations"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Keystone

" . . . It is written in an industrial script, written large in the obtruding industrial centers, the stacks, the smoke of creative enterprise . . . this almost mushroom-like expansion of German manufacturing power "

peace Germany was forced to sign on the dotted line? It is a Foreign Office with its energies that ought to be reconstituting Germany as a world power, exhausted by the extra burdens imposed upon it as a result of the great settlement. It is a weak reed indeed for Germany to lean upon in these trying times.

" Business as Usual "

As a matter of fact, the industrialists, in whose hands Germany largely believes her destiny rests, do not particularly lean upon it.

They have the contempt of economic strength for diplomatic weakness. Face to face with the realities of "blundering" which have blocked "business as usual," these lords of German business express little concern over a still popularly discredited diplomatic office force. Politics, these industrial leaders hold, still stand in the way of European rehabilitation; the world is stupid not to see that economics are against everything that can be summed up in the word "Versailles."

Here is the black beast of the Peace Treaty. It is made up of imbecilities that cut across the life of Germany—so doing, across reparations, and all that sort of thing. The Fatherland has been denied even a working basis of existence, quite apart from justice according to any Teutonic angle of post-war developments. The imbroglio of the past half decade has been created by Germany's refusal to meet French wishes as to national suicide. For these economic dictators of Germany, disavowing, of course, any such power, are frank. As one of the responsible figures in the great Reichsband der Deutschen Industrie put it: "The Treaty of Peace made it impossible for Germany to work. Work is the only way that the Germans can pay reparations. These depend on world business, for Germany without it is incapable of paying any huge sums such as have been forced upon us. The French cannot have things their way; it means that every German must be killed."

The one thing that the dominant industrial interests in Germany want is "business as usual." The Teutons evade agreements, so the undertone runs, because business decidedly is not as usual. She signs new agreements, not because she can or cannot fulfill them. It is because they seem to represent a groping toward this ideal of business, untrammeled by the political monstrosities of any war's aftermath muddling the affairs of the business world. All this, of course, is a proposition in economics. It is demonstrable on the blackboard of statesmanship with geometric precision. But the German schoolmaster no longer receives the respectful hearing that was his due before the Great War. Or perhaps, parenthetically, has this thing done at Versailles really taken away his chalk for purposes of demonstration?

" One Little Paragraph of the Peace Treaty "

To these minds in Germany the Dawes Plan, embodied as it is in the Pact of London now in effect, touches but "one little paragraph of the Peace Treaty."

That is not enough—too much of the Treaty of Versailles still remains intact. For the fault lies, industrial Germany believes, not in the charges of the Peace Treaty. It is its failure to give Teutonic business what is held to be a "working" basis. Of what importance are the charges? After all, in two or three years these can be changed again, as they have been before. But a revision, a fundamental revision, if you please, of the Treaty of Versailles is the essential not yet realized. That would give Germany this modern magic, the magic of business as usual. Then Germany would be all right, the world would be all right, and France would get her reparations—that is, some of them, as much as would be good for France, for the world, and for German business as usual.

To this extent, in the opinion of the industrialists, the work of the London Conference is on trial. Germany could not help herself; she had to accept it—German business, it must be remembered, needed those loans. Moreover, it forces the battle of settlement further into the field of economics. Through economics, the German industrialists hope, the world will come to a sensible view of the Great War.

" National Economics—Not International Politics "

Intellectuals in Germany, radicals in Germany, may lean toward the new international life for salvation. The industrial mind rejects contemptuously the League of Nations on the one hand, the Red International on the other.

To such neither Geneva nor Moscow touches on the hard facts of existence. The League of Nations is dominated by France, the German of this stamp believes. Anyway, it has not given Germany a just decision in five years, men of this persuasion maintain, five years of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this nibbling at the Versailles Settlement. Now what is its use to Germany?

As for the Bolsheviks, Germany can gain nothing from that madness in a capitalistic world. Indeed, the master-minds of revolution could be swept away by a sound economic policy, the economic policy of German business, with its comprehension of this Slavic malaise which the rest of the world so fears. Treaties such as Britain's Labor Government muddles into with Soviet Russia only delay the cleansing of Bolshevik Russia. It will come, if ever under the muddling Allied diplomacy, by a business which understands how to deal with Moscow. Then there follows a sigh for German brains—and American money. Here is an unbeatable co-operation of talents, the industrialists maintain, that could change the whole picture in the Old World.

So Germany envisages a future in the hard terms of national economics. "What else is left to us?" the industrialist mind inquires. "Are we not disarmed? Where can you find real power, outside of what is left of our technical and economic strength? Is the real German military machine not scrapped down to its industrial foundations? Is this not the pinnacle of modern power destroyed? Need political Europe fear the business strength that, standing alone, is helpless against the quick massing of actual brute force now overwhelmingly in the hands of her opponents?"

Goods, Europe's Industrial Staff of Life

EUROPE, this Germany of business men believes, can climb out of its economic morasses only by a causeway of business built of the products of every-day life.

What the Old World needs, these German economic statesmen hold, is the restoration of normal life—buying and selling as in the old days. This means getting Europe back to a position where Europe's millions of people can make and consume the thousand and one commodities upon which modern life depends. The insatiable industry of Manchester and the Ruhr will take care of the making; the big problem that has to be solved is how to get the products into European use. It means getting a consumption of manufactures, from watches to railroad trains, back to par.

Now this is a problem of the nation. Internationalism of all sorts, the hard-headed German business man contends, is powerless to meet the crisis. Reconstruction must be built out of a restoration of normal conditions within each nation. True, it rests upon the co-operation of the whole world. The problem is to get at the strangling of every nation's buying power which is taking place; it lies through the debt situation. These gigantic burdens, internal and external, are crushing the economic existence of Europe. The domestic debt of all countries is so high that the taxes are eating up the livelihood of people from England, France, and Germany to the newest nation in the Balkans. There is not enough left to buy what people really need. This forces factories to slow down their making of products; and the very stability of nations is threatened. Unemployment rises, bread lines grow, and business itself is starved by hard times.

The lesson, the German industrial mind maintains, is plain. When the mess of the Treaty of Versailles is discussed from a political angle, the world only revolves in a vicious circle. If we get down to the economic realities that the Teutonic business leaders see close at hand, they believe it leads us inevitably to the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the scaling of world-wide debts, or the collapse of an overburdened world.

An Error, not a Crime

WHAT have we, then, as the substratum of settlement? Only that Germany made a mistake in the tragedy of the Great War, not that she was guilty of a wrong.

This Germany in defeat is really a pathological problem. She may have been caught with "the goods," in the argot of our times. But she believes they were "planted" on her by the Allies. The victors get lip service, not co-operation, in the execution of the terms of peace. Here it ends. The "Lie Clause," as the statement in the Versailles settlement laying the war responsibility on Germany is referred to in the Fatherland to-day, was acceded to, but not subscribed to in good faith. The business provisions are a similar story. The Reparations Sections were signed, but not sealed in German honor; consequently they should be canceled by German asseverations that they could not be executed. The dishonor must lie in attempting to meet, not in breaking, what has been decided in Germany are the "unworkable" conditions of peace.

This is the heart of the European deadlock up to the present moment—up to the closing of subscriptions on the Dawes Plan Loan to Germany. *Force majeure,* Allied might, explains it all to the Germany of post-war days. The "unworkable sections" of the Treaty of Peace are the means to the end. We are confronted with a German generation that does not accept these things as we see them. Something has snapped in the German mentality; the continuity of events is broken. It is a moral hiatus—a gap. Perhaps more accurately, it is a non-moral kink.

We face a public opinion united in Germany upon one thing. It is that the Great War, not exactly lost, yet far from won, was a scurvy deal of non-Teutonic fates against this now-republican Fatherland. It is something that ought not to have happened—something whose results all good Germans disavow. So there is always the recurrent thought that had the Allies occupied Berlin, swinging through the weather-beaten, drab granite of the Brandenburg Tor and down the Unter den Linden, it might have brought a different note into the settlement. But it is of no moment to current statesmanship. The sun shines, between the clouds of the war's aftermath, on a still-disciplined land. It is oppressively conscious of its industrial power. It is a land where more and more the test tube in factory laboratories builds greater power. It is something that has risen into dominance over German life itself. It is not without beauty in a kind of hard quality, an insensate striving upward out of the flatness of life itself. The very German architecture expresses it; there is none of the florid ornamentation of the Latin civilization here.

Present-Day Germany—a New Portent

THESE recurrent vertical lines reaching toward something are perhaps a glimpse into the real Germany. There is a startling contrast between the building we call Germany and the builder—an instinctive economy of line upward and upward toward the sun so different from this stolid Nordic people footed tenaciously in Middle Europe. It is part of an elusive quality that tinges the whole German landscape. There is none of the suggestion of contentment to be seen in the French, or English, countryside. Maybe it is because hardly a panorama but has its lowering factory stack. In a rustic setting factory stacks obtrude from behind a sheltering hill; they rise above the dark-green forest; they punctuate the city sky-lines, encroaching on the horizon. Somehow, they carry the same message: "We stand here; we are not disarmed—the power of man-made machines, of business, remains."

Possibly such fleeting impressions reveal more of the world's problem in the land that is Germany than any statistics and much economic jargon. Did not a German industrial leader tell me in Berlin that we must learn to feel in order to understand things? There is perhaps something in the face of Germany that goes to the very soul of the arts-loving, machine-obsessed German.

Wittenberg seems to epitomize the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole thing. Its baker's-bread, dumpy cathedral tower competes for the eye against rearing factory stacks, rising slim, sleek, and even sinister, over the other side of the old city. You will recall they erected spires in old Germany, glorifying the Church and the Reformation. The present-day Fatherland has its multiplying stacks, monuments to the industrial revolution of the last one hundred years of human progress. Is it not possible that the world is startled at the handiwork of our times? That Germany recalcitrant is the portent of a new order in world power? That there is slowly emerging another force in international mastery, the power of a nation's business? That it is competing for primacy with the political democracy of our times—as democracy itself destroyed autocracy in government and thought in the modern age of "a politically minded world" which is perhaps drawing to a close?

When There Is No Peace

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

This is a discussion of the philosophy of War and Peace, and its application to the statesmen of troubled Europe. The Outlook's view of some of the problems presented here will be found on a preceding page

TO the false idea that war ends when peace has been declared is due much of the confused thought about the recovery of Europe. As a matter of fact, war continues in a modified form, with commercial and political rather than with purely military weapons, until the terms of the peace treaty have been carried out or so modified that the loser no longer deems it worth while to resist or the victor to demand fulfillment.

Other Things than Arms

TWO reasons explain the common failure to grasp this truth. The first is that in war interest is centered almost exclusively on military and naval activities. Every one longs for the day when these shall cease. An armistice, therefore, which stops the armed fighting, is hailed as the end of the war, even though it be recognized that peace is not formally declared until a treaty has been negotiated, signed, and ratified. The second reason is that only a few statesmen appreciate the force of the contention of such military philosophers as Clausewitz that war is simply the carrying out of national policy by force instead of by diplomacy. In other words, war is not a detached event which begins with the first act of violence and ends when the fighting is done. Even though it may break like a sudden flood, it is the direct outgrowth of national policies and international commitments, and may be said to flow out of peace. Although diplomacy for the moment gives way to the sword, both are the servants of the same policy.

Now the truth is that just as war flows out of peace, so peace flows out of war. The stream is swift if the victory has been overwhelming. But it is slow if there has been peace without victory.

The philosophy of this reasoning is based on the theory that the purpose of war is to impose our will upon the enemy. Our will may be merely to check him. It may be to drive him out of our territory or to force him to surrender part of his own territory or commercial privileges. It may be to make him pay heavy reparations. It may be to annihilate him. Whatever the specific objective, however, the purpose is the same—to make him submit to our wishes.

More often than not these wishes are known to him before the war begins. At other times they are set forth in the declarations of our leading statesmen during hostilities. Some of them will be stipulated in the armistice agreement. Most of them will be embodied, either openly or covertly, in the conditions of peace.

Now it stands to reason that the stronger the enemy when he finally submits, the more difficult will it be for us to make him accept our conditions. His strength, be it noted, depends not only on his military and naval forces and reserves, but also on his economic condition and the morale of his people.

If by means of war we have been able to inflict a crushing blow, he can do little except submit to our peace terms. But if, on the other hand, he has seen that defeat is inevitable and accordingly sues for peace while he is still strong in order to save as much as possible out of the wreck, he will have an advantage over us in the enforcing of the peace terms which is directly proportionate to our will to make him carry out the treaty, "precept upon precept, line upon line."

In other words, we may be able to force, lure, or tempt him into negotiating and signing a treaty, but unless we can enforce the peace he may soon become strong enough to evade it. In particular is this true if we have had allies in the war, and have not alone the strength to counter renewed resistance on his part. We are then dependent for the enforcement of the treaty terms upon the unity between ourselves and our allies. This naturally gives the enemy the chance to profit from our division. If he can find or foment enough divergencies among us, he can count on being able gradually to wring concessions from us.

His object, of course, is to retain his strength or to regain it at the earliest possible moment. If he is forced to accept peace terms which, when carried out, will make or keep him weak, he will do all in his power to circumvent or to nullify those terms. In other words, he will seek by evasion, resistance, or diplomacy to escape the obligations which he has accepted.

His methods will be dictated by expediency, and will be measured only by his ability to "get away with them." In considering his plan he will ask himself but one question, "Does it pay?" He will weigh the chances of success and the cost of failure, with a special eye to the penalties involved.

Peace When There Is No Peace

IN this manner, the war may be carried on during years of declared peace. The object of the vanquished is to save as much as possible of the wreck. The victor's aim is to get as much as possible out of the vanquished. In proportion to the determination and skill of the vanquished will he succeed. It is clearly to the loser's interest to do anything to thwart the victor that will not have a repercussion on himself. And he will keep it up until it ceases to pay, or until he has so far met the victor's wishes that the latter no longer cares to force the issue. Then, and then only, will there be true peace.

This is the important thing—that peace is not at hand until the treaty terms have been carried out or changed. The signing of the treaty is little more than a declaration of policy. It remains to enforce that policy or drop it. In general, the victor seeks to put it into effect and the vanquished to abandon it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Efforts towards modification come almost exclusively from the vanquished, except when the victor has a special interest in changing it.

War and Ethics

If in the foregoing no attention has been paid to moral factors, it is because we are concerned here, not with ethics, but with the principles and practices of war. Most talk about the ethics of war, as a matter of fact, is either hypocrisy or buncombe. There may be a just war, but there is no war which is ethically conducted. Proof of this is readily seen in the wholesale violation of the rules of war during hostilities and in the disregard of international agreements which hamper the activities of belligerents.

Likewise, in carrying warfare over into the peace the defeated belligerent is guided, not by ethics, but by his own interest. If this lies in compliance with the dictates of peace, he will bow down. If the chances of resistance, in whatever form, equal or outweigh the risks, he will resist, regardless of "treaty obligations," "international law," "the practices of civilized nations," or the demands of higher ethics.

This is thoroughly reprehensible. But it is very natural, and finds many precedents in history. However much we may abhor such a policy, to ignore its existence is mere idleness, and we deceive only ourselves if we pretend that nations nowadays are too advanced to follow it.

When the Devil Was Sick

When we come to apply these principles to the situation in Europe to-day, we find that Germany's present policy dates back to March, 1918. Then, and then only, was the tide definitely turned against her and did it become clear to her leaders that, contrary to their expectations, the United States could and would serve as a boundless reservoir of man power and supplies for the Allies which would finally defeat Germany.

From that moment it was clearly to Germany's interest to save as much of her strength as she could, and at the same time to inflict all possible damage on her enemies. She thereupon began to fall back, devastating the occupied regions as she went, and sought to prepare the way for an armistice. War-weary as were the Allies, they could not consider stopping while Germany still occupied French soil. They therefore continued to exert full pressure on the retreating Germans. The nearer the German line came to the frontier, the more anxious were the Germans to end the fighting. Sentimental, commercial, political, and military reasons made it plain that they must at any cost prevent the Allies from invading German soil. At the same time they wanted to avoid losing more men than was necessary in checking the too hasty advance of the Allies towards the Franco-German frontier.

Finally the Armistice was signed. It imposed severe terms upon Germany, but she accepted, believing that she could so modify them at the Peace Conference as to make them more advantageous to her than would have been the armed invasion of her territory.

During the peace negotiations, however, it was clear that in this, as in every other important European peace conference, the terms would be dictated by the victors. Germany did what she could through appealing to the Allies separately to have the conditions ameliorated. At the same time she began driving in wedges between her enemies. She saw that if she could isolate France and Belgium, both of which would stand on the policy of an eye for an eye, she would be in a powerful position to sabotage the peace treaty. Incidentally, she was the first to appreciate the terrible truth that in a war such as this one, no matter who won, the real victim was the country on whose territory had been the fighting.

Although she lost during the negotiations at Paris, except in so far as she persuaded Mr. Wilson and the American delegation to work (often unsuccessfully) on her behalf, she signed the Versailles Treaty under protest, and forthwith began to fight for its revision. She succeeded in having the claims against her reduced. Owing to the fundamental difference between British and French policies, she met with moderate success in splitting the Allies. She even found that she was strong enough to sabotage deliveries in kind and to attempt to delay payments which she had conceded were justified.

For Home and Foreign Consumption

In the meantime, while proclaiming to the world her inability to pay reparations, she was renovating and improving her railroads, canals, and roads, and was rebuilding her merchant fleet and expanding and modernizing her factories. All available movable wealth was shipped out of the country where it could not be reached by the Allies, and she then proceeded to unload on credulous Americans and "neutrals" hundreds of millions of dollars of worthless paper marks. In short, while her enemies were working to repair the ruin caused by her troops she was preparing to start her economic life anew with all the advantages of an intact and up-to-date industrial plant.

Then came the Ruhr occupation. It was a crushing blow. It disorganized Germany's industrial plans and meant that if the Allies wished to hold it they would have Germany at their mercy. Obviously, Germany had to do what she could to counteract this stroke. She hoped to enlist England's aid in her passive resistance. Owing to the disapproval in England of the Ruhr occupation, she was now nearly able to effect the split between the Allies which she had so long sought. But as conditions became worse, she saw that her only hope was to accept the Franco-Belgian demands, and to drop resistance and resume work. In the meantime she sought to encourage the move for a committee of experts to look into her ability to pay.

The appointment of the Dawes Committee was hailed by her as a godsend. Its conclusions were seen to be more favorable to Germany than anything heretofore proposed. She accepted them —under protest, of course—after seeking vainly to have them softened.

Will the Leopard Change Its Spots?

What of the future?

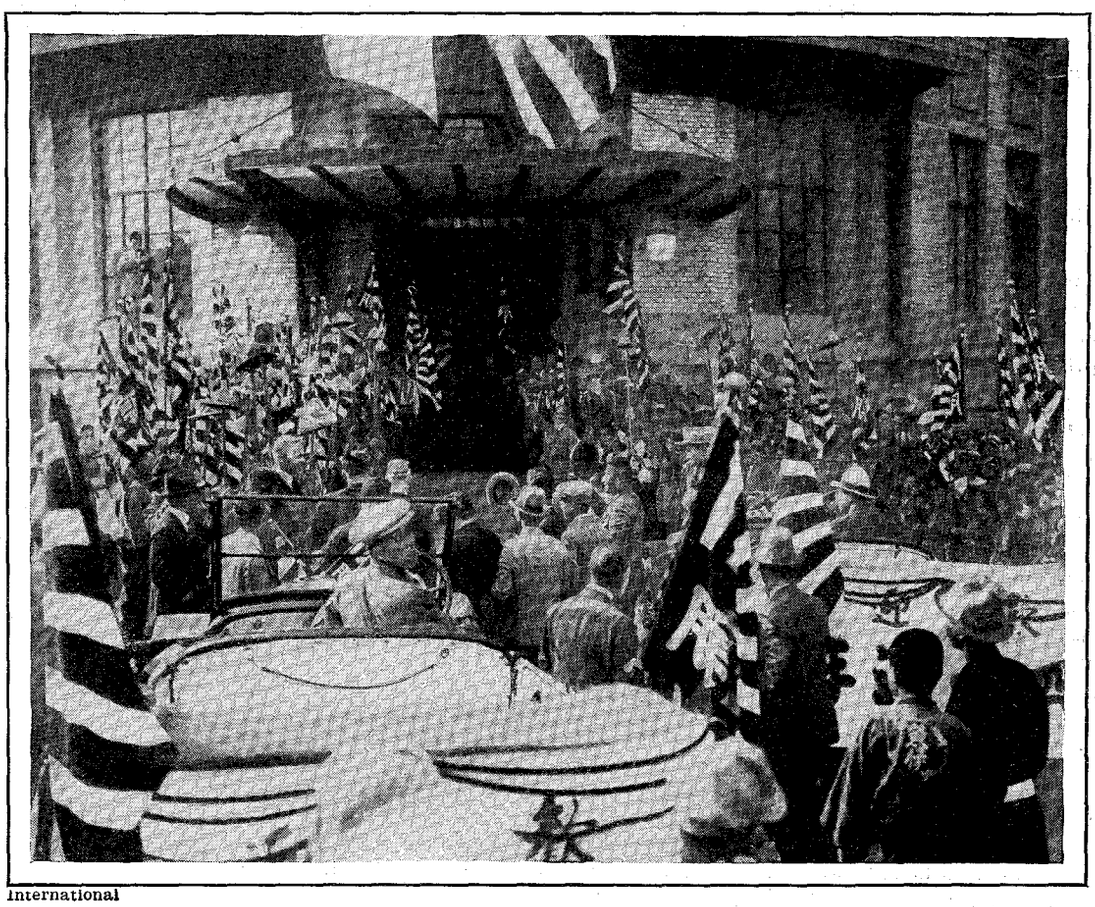
If her past policy is a criterion, she will do with the Dawes Plan just as she has done with the other conditions imposed upon her. So long as she cannot profitably escape its terms, she will carry them out. But the moment a chance appears to modify them, whether by negotiation, default, passive resistance, or bluff and bluster, she will do so. All means that may be successful which she can employ will be used by her to cut down the sum which she owes the Allies and to remove the restrictions under which she labors. She will use every opportunity to undermine the Versailles Treaty, on which rests the territorial settlement which has deprived her of parts of East Prussia and Silesia in the interest of Poland and the new states of Europe.

In other words, the war will continue until the Allies tire of it or until Germany believes that she has obtained as much as she can. Although ostensibly it is only a fight against the Versailles Treaty, it is in fact merely a continuation by other means of the armed conflict which stopped on November 11, 1918. Germany, not having then received a crushing defeat, is doing everything in her power to escape the penalties imposed upon her. Until the Treaty of Versailles has been carried out or so changed that she has forced from the Allies all possible concessions, the war will not end in Europe.

The sword has again given way to diplomacy, but both are still servants of the same policy. Why cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace?

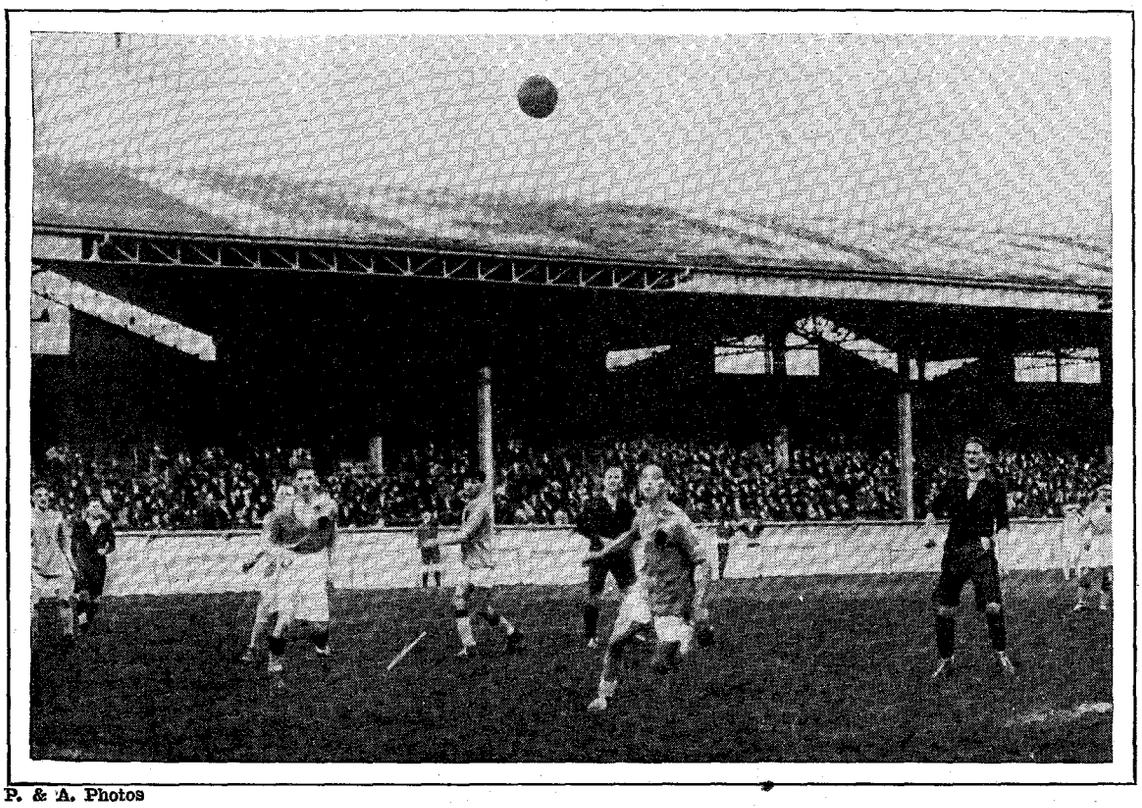
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sport Knows No Boundaries



Japan's welcome to American and Finnish athletes — Scene in Osaka, Japan, on the arrival of Jackson V. Scholz, sprinter, John Myyra, Finnish javelin thrower, Emerson Norton, Georgetown University decathlon contestant, and Albert Spearow, American Olympic pole vaulter, early in October. These Olympic athletes are in Japan as the guests of the Asahi Shimbun combination of Tokyo and Osaka, to give exhibitions before Japanese students to inspire them to better work for the next Olympics

International



A soccer game in Paris between French and German teams, reported as the first athletic competition between the two nations since 1914. The chivalrous spirit of the French was shown in the loud applause which the visitors received from the great crowd of spectators when the German team won the match by a 3 to 0 score

P. & A. Photos

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Apache Trail Adventure

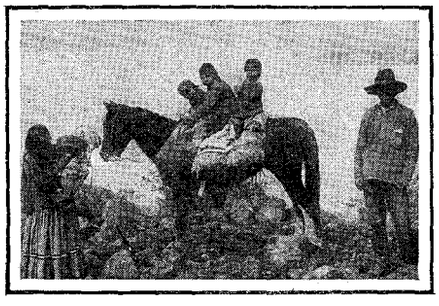
By STANLEY HOLLIS GIBSON

IF you are seeking adventure, you will find it where the comfortable 120-mile automobile highway of the Apache Trail winds through the weird canyon country between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona. It is a land that makes your pulses pound and your heart leap. In the ancient cliff-dwellings on the rocky walls is written the story of prehistoric man. Through the wildly rugged beauty of awesome peaks, deep canyons, and strange cactus growths runs the autobiography of nature. On the smooth, modern roadbed of the Apache Trail is imprinted the history of civilization.

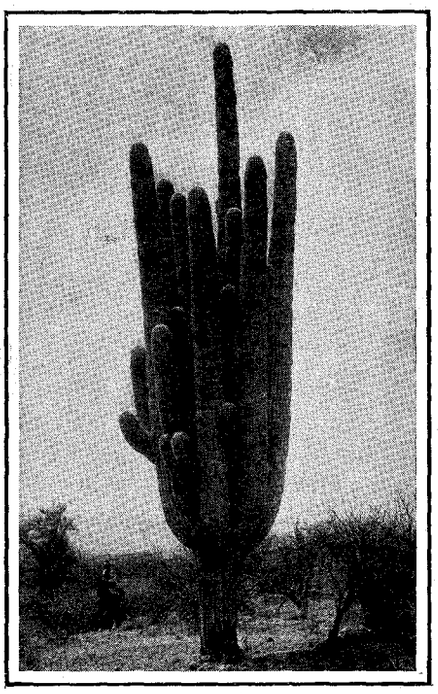
Yet, despite the grandeur of its scenery and the glories of its past, few tourists seem to know of this wonder land that awaits them in sunny Arizona. The writer, who rather prides himself on having visited every bit of beautiful and interesting territory in the United States, admits to a tremendous and marvelous surprise on first viewing the Apache Trail Country during a trip to the Coast via the Sunset Limited in the Autumn of 1920. Since then he has made it a point to seek the Trail each Fall. In fact, when you are reading this article I will be enjoying this adventure to the full. Somehow, it always calls to me at this time of the year. Somehow, there are always new beauties of Nature—new points of interest to be seen on this trip.

"You rave about the Apache Trail Trip so much," said one of my friends, "that I don't see why you don't write about it and let the whole world know." Well, that's what I've tried to do here in my humble way—give you something of the Trail's history—something of its splendor—tell you why it calls to hearts that beat at high adventure.

Ages before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, Arizona was the stage upon which were enacted thrilling scenes marking the development of the human race from brutal savagery to intelligent reasoning and initiative. In the tiny, curious cliff-dwellings on the rocky buttress above the Apache Trail lived a race of pygmies.



They gave the Trail its name. Apache Indians on Roosevelt Lake



A giant cactus that dwarfs both horse and rider

Probably they built their little homes high in the canyon walls so that the wild prehistoric monsters that roamed that region could not reach them. We can only conjecture. We can only wonder at the tenacity of this vanished race that lived against great odds and built so enduringly that the efforts of their handiwork have existed through the centuries.

Next came the Toltecs, a cultured people who were driven southward by more warlike clans at the close of the tenth century. It was they who preceded the Aztecs in Central Mexico, and who, according to Aztec tradition, were largely the authors of the latter's civilization, the most advanced form of human relationship on this continent of those days.

The exact time of the arrival of the fierce Tonto Apache Indians in this territory no one seems to know. But of their undisputed sway, for many years, of the trail that now bears their name there is no doubt. Woe to the near-by tribesmen who attacked them in inferior numbers. Woe to the rear-guard of Spanish soldiers who became detached from the main body. The Tonto Apaches were fighters all, and their bloody savagery knew no bounds.

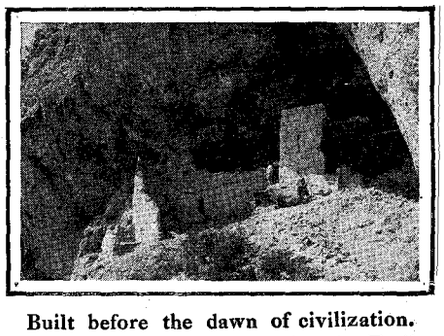
In 1540 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, Spanish explorer and gentleman adventurer, rode down the Apache Trail with his brightly accoutered men-at-arms. They were seeking the seven cities of Cibola, a cluster of Zuñi Indian villages where it was reputed that great treasures of silver and gold were stored. With his well-trained forces Coronado succeeded in pushing through the wilds of Apache Land despite the fierce attacks of the tribesmen.

From that time on there was a constant succession of courageous men in whom the spark of adventure flamed high. Fearless in their faith, the humble friars wandered through this land afoot. In quest of new places to conquer—new experiences to thrill—the hardy American pioneers marched over the mountains and climbed through the tortuous canyons. Frontiersmen in buckskin, pathfinders and scouts, red-shirted miners and blue-clad cavalrymen, they all swarmed down the Apache Trail with their eager eyes ever searching south and west for the country of their dreams.

It was the building of Roosevelt Dam to impound the waters of Salt River, Tonto Creek and their tributary streams that brought about the 120 miles of smooth roadbed over which tourists now glide in automobiles between Globe and Phoenix. Finding the Apache Trail insufficient for the transportation of the building materials, machinery and supplies necessary for this huge task, the engineers constructed a broad, modern highway to the site of the projected dam. When it had been pushed thus far from Globe through the very heart of the mountains, these stalwart, far-seeing men conceived the idea of cleaving through the rest of the rocky country to Phoenix.

Is it any wonder that a land that holds a history like this should captivate the mind? From the moment you step from your Pullman to a comfortable 12-passenger motor car at Globe in the sparkling sunshine of an Arizona morning, you are in the region of romance. Deep blue is the sky, except where it blends to turquoise at the horizon line. In your lungs is the cool, clear air of the desert—on your cheek the warm caress of the sun.

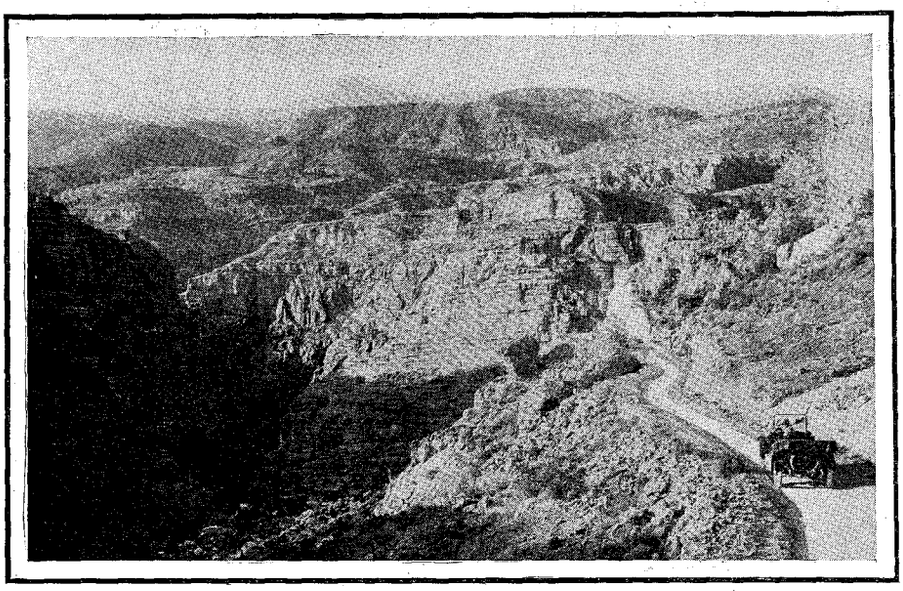
Past the giant copper mines, "Old Dominion" and "Inspiration," and over Cemetery Hill you glide into Apache Land, where tortuous canyons twist and



Built before the dawn of civilization. Cliff-dwellings above the Apache Trail

[Advertisement]

PRODUCED BY ARIZONA
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Strange Fish Creek Canyon, where nature refracts a different vivid color from every turn and twist of the rocky wall

writhe. Now Nature refracts a different vivid color from every crack and crevice—from every turn and twist of the rocky walls. It is as if the brilliant Arizona sunshine spilled its light on cliff and buttress through a giant glass prism.

Through this constantly changing wonder land your car mounts upward until the summit, 3,988 feet above the sea, is reached. There you are on a great natural divide that separates the Gila from the Salt River Valley, and all the vivid countryside lies spread before you. Spires of rock as slender and graceful as those of noted cathedrals, domes as rounded as the roofs of state capitols, and jagged needles like the spear-shafts of some Neolithic man vie with one another for your admiration. In the distance is 30-mile-long Roosevelt Lake, a glittering piece of blue glass in the surrounding landscape with silvery ribbons of streams running down to it. So marvelous is this whole scene that you can only gaze and gaze in utter speechlessness.

When you have drunk your fill of the beauties of Nature, your motor car begins the rapid but comfortable descent to the Lake level, dropping 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before Roosevelt Dam is reached the tiny and curiously built homes of the cliff-dwellers appear on the rocky buttress above the Trail. It is well worth any one's while to make the short detour to these strange cave houses that antedate the dawn of civilization.

After browsing around to your heart's content you jump into the motor car and are carried swiftly along the shores of Roosevelt Lake to that delightful midday stop, Apache Lodge, where an appetizing meal rewards your keen hunger. Just south is Roosevelt Dam, 1,125 feet in length, which holds back many million gallons of water for the irrigation of lands miles distant.

Luncheon finished, your car glides smoothly around the turn that leads into the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon. On either side the "Walls of Bronze" rise 2,000 feet above the rushing stream. Then your car is climbing gently up the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to the heights that crown the canyon. Below, the earth seems to shelve away into a bottomless abyss.

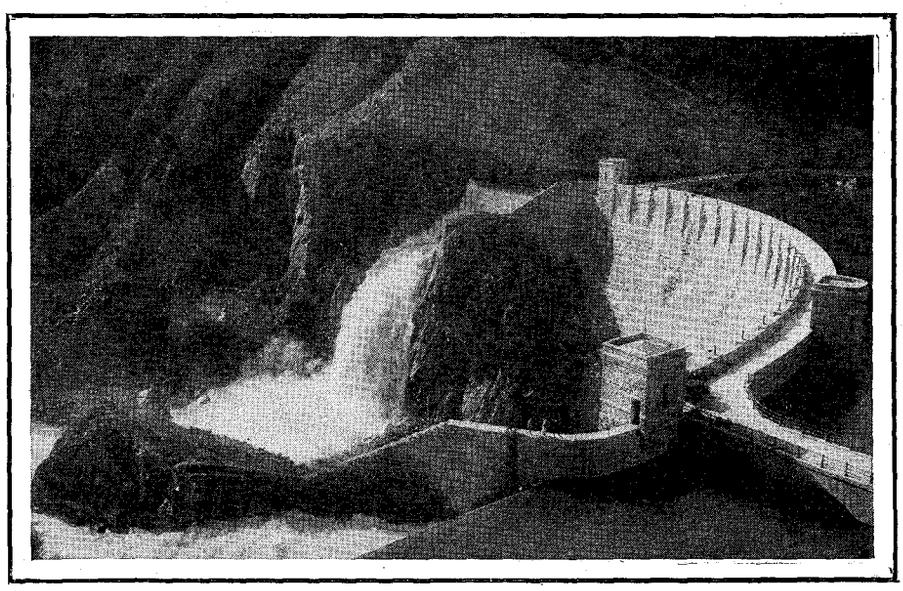
Next you are looking into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon. The rock formations and cactus growths that you pass are, if anything, more startling and fantastic than all those you have seen during the morning ride. Canyon Diabolo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock, and the Little Alps flash by in rapid succession.

As the sun of early evening is casting orange and purple shadows over Apache Land, the car emerges through the foothills and passes weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range. Now you are in the fertile levels of Salt River Valley, which show the creative effect of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam. Flowers appear in profusion. Mimosas and yucca gloriosas flame at the side of the road. Farmers in the beautiful little towns of Mesa and Tempe pause at their work to shout a greeting or wave a friendly hand. Your sun-browned driver is a jovial individual who knows them all and hails them heartily.

It seems as if greeting and reply have hardly been exchanged before the car is slipping through the quiet, tree-lined streets of Phoenix, where you will board the comfortable Pullman that will carry you westward to Los Angeles.

The Apache Trail trip is an adventure that makes your blood sing, yet you journey there so comfortably by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific that you are bothered by no more details or annoyances than if you were sitting safe at home. If, like me, you demand the perfect connections and conveniences that go into the making of a de luxe train trip, I know that you are going to enjoy this travel route. Through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $20. There is a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service, an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hair-dressing service, and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



Massive Roosevelt Dam, which has helped 213,000 acres of the arid deserts of Arizona to bloom like the Garden of Eden

[Advertisement]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arms and the Man

By WILLIAM ALFRED EDDY

Captain, U. S. Marines, Retired

This interpretation of veteran opinion has been made by a disabled soldier of the World War. It is an appropriate message for the eve of the Armistice

THIS is not a plea, nor a rebuttal, but merely a first-hand account of a few things the veteran believes which have been hidden from the public. My sources, varied and mostly oral, have been gathered in trench and camp, in home and on the road, but, above all, in hospitals, where the Armistice did not put a period to the pain and where the dead are still dying.

The truth is that the veteran has not changed his mind very much about the war during the past six years. He did not think of himself as a Galahad in maiden mail in 1917, and may therefore be excused from recognizing the more recent portrait of himself as a Falstaff grumbling: "What is honor? Can honor set a broken leg? 'Tis but a word; I'll none of it." Opinion of him has run unchecked from one foolish extreme to the other, largely for the reason that the real soldier is not an author, and (unlike many contemporary authors) is also not an autobiographer. In the early months of the war fever, men who had or had not smelled powder wrote best-sellers describing the carnage. Later, certain sensitive youths whose vanity had been bruised by discipline took their revenge in print, showing that the pen is a safer weapon than the sword. The average veteran, whose comrades fell at his side, has written nothing, and for a reason that he alone fully understands. Words are so cheap.

It goes without saying that the veteran of the World War is a genuine pacifist, as is every intelligent man, woman, and child. He views with dismay the distrust between nations, the arrogance of the Anglo-Saxons toward "inferior" races, the secret alliances between money and government, and all the other forces making for injustice, and therefore leading toward war. But, unlike the blatant minority now clamoring for all war to be outlawed, he does not believe that injustice which becomes intolerable ought necessarily to be endured. He dreads another war as he dreads to see his house set on fire, but, the damage once done, he would not be so ridiculous as to oppose the bucket brigade and the fire-engine. He knows well enough that a defensive army is not the incendiary, and that the fires of hate are not lighted nor fanned in the fraternal life of camp and trench. He suspects, moreover, that the conflagration originates more often than not in the pigeonholes and waste-baskets of those same editors and politicians who now decry the soldier. In truth, the soldier's bitterness is largely directed at civilian tactics which have gone far to rob him of the victory he sought. It is a common notion that the military pressure at the peace councils was evil; but the veteran would be much happier if the counsels of Foch, Haig, and Pershing had prevailed. Soldiers would have brought justice and the world security for which they had fought, instead of log-rolling with enemy colonies and Levantine mandates.

It falls to the lot of the veteran to be lectured on his folly in thinking that he fought for a great and glorious cause. He hears now that the ties of race and custom bind us more closely to the Germans than to the French, and that our sympathies should be consistent with these ties. Again, he is scolded for supposing that he was making the world safe for democracy while allied to the despotic armies of the Romanoffs. He is assured that, in any case, his efforts were fruitless, inasmuch as the latter condition of the world is worse than the former. These are a few examples of the bits of wisdom to which he is treated continually. What the lecturers fail to realize is that none of these questionable generalizations in any way affects the motives and the value of the enterprise undertaken in 1917. The American soldier enlisted for the simple and definite purpose of checking and defeating the Germans, an aim happily accomplished. If other evils have come from the politicians' peace, so much the worse for the world; but few of the present-day prophets of gloom who now deride the veteran bear in mind the alternative to Allied victory. Had the Germans won, these same malcontents would now be occupied with the task of berating our national cowardice and supineness in failing to strike a blow before the sun set and the night came in which no man could work and no child could play.

Hating though he does the causes and producers of war, the veteran reserves his supreme scorn for the doctrine of non-resistance. To make the devil flee it is sometimes necessary to resist him. Certainly he will not leave us in peace if we guarantee him a free hand. Most of us do not take much stock in the devil now, but he was very much abroad in Belgium and France from 1914 on, and, happily, even America was orthodox enough to give him a *de facto* recognition in 1917. A promise never to fight is as provocative of war as the reverse readiness to fight on the smallest pretext. It is monstrous to think that serious efforts are being made to train up a new generation to believe that armed resistance is always wrong. The teachers of this doctrine will be careful, of course, not to recommend it to the policemen who patrol their houses at night.

I want to say a final word about valor—that subject which publishers are said to avoid. The veteran hears that valor is a myth, that marches were always undertaken by compulsion, and that danger was faced unwillingly. There is to this no retort that will serve; verbal accounts of heroism sound hollow, particularly to those who know that the reality is too magnificent for words. One must see to believe. But, when all is said and done, the veteran remembers with humility and awe the gallantry of his comrades, and listens with ill-concealed fury to their defamers. He can prove nothing to the unbeliever, though he himself knows that on the battlefield nobleness walked in our ways again. War, like death, is a tragedy; but the courage to endure either is a grace which the world cannot afford to banish.

And I want to give one warning in conclusion. There is an active element in the American churches, happily a minority, which seeks to brand the soldier as the enemy of Christ. These builders of that curious paradox, a new orthodoxy, wish to eliminate as heretical the threefold creed of the soldier—Courage, Comradeship, Sacrifice—a creed which has ever been the corner-stone of Christian chivalry. Ye know not what ye do. If the effort should succeed, you will alienate from your ranks those who in time of dire need are willing to endure hardness as good soldiers, in wars of the spirit as well as in wars of the flesh; and you will unwittingly breed a congregation unable to comprehend the Son of Man, who braved death that others might have more abundant life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Table

"Cats" and "Bulls"

A Review by BRANDER MATTHEWS

AFTER I had read the earlier chapters of Mr. Cooper's fascinating volume[1] I had to lay it down unwillingly to keep an appointment; and as I put the book on its shelf two pictures were revived in my memory. Years ago—thirty or more—a poverty-stricken skeleton of a circus showed in a little town in the Catskills, and a dozen or a score of those who were summering at Onteora went to see it. It was not even a one-horse show, for it had not a single steed. It had one elephant, a thin and hungry-looking antique; and it had half a dozen dogs, also hungry-looking and broken-spirited. They carried their tails between their legs, and when they failed to do the expected trick, as they did more often than not, they were cruelly lashed. When this punishment was inflicted once too often, the lady whom I had accompanied hissed, whereupon the trainer told the dog to try once more "and see if the lady will hiss you." And the lady called out so that all might hear: "I wasn't hissing the dog; I was hissing you for whipping him!"—whereupon the scanty audience clapped its approval.

A dozen or a score of years later, at the Alhambra in London, a troop of dogs gamboled out on the stage and jumped on their chairs, waiting for the orders of their trainer, an American by her accent. She was a wholesome, kindly, motherly woman and her dogs had no fear of her. With indefatigably wagging tails they obeyed her orders, each of them restless on his chair until his turn came to perform and to receive a caress. As I recall this exhibition after all these years, no one of the dogs ever failed to achieve the feat expected from him. It was a pleasure to see animals so happy in their work and so eager to show off, whereas the Catskill show had been unpleasant and almost as painful to the spectators as to the performers. Here we have evidence that gentleness can accomplish what it is impossible for brutality to achieve.

This is the message that Mr. Cooper brings us in this book of his. No longer are animals ill treated, beaten, and tortured to make them perform; they are gently persuaded to do what is required of them; and, being freed from fear, they come in time to enjoy the public exhibition of their feats of skill and to delight in "showing off." Æsop and La Fontaine and Uncle Remus were exaggerating only a little when they told us that the beasts of the field have many traits in common with *homo sapiens*. They are our brothers under their skins.

It is a strange world into which Mr. Cooper introduces us; and he is a sympathetic interpreter of its inhabitants—the bipeds and the quadrupeds who live together summer after summer in the Greatest Show on Earth. In Mr. Cooper's earlier book, "Under the Big Top," he dwelt at length on the manners and customs of the circus-folk; and in "Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything" he deals mainly with the elephants (who are called the "bulls") and with the lions and tigers and leopards (who are collectively termed the "cats"). Mr. Cooper is a ready writer; he makes us understand the animals he writes about so lovingly; he increases our knowledge of their actions and reactions—or, rather, he dispels a little of our ignorance. He has been in the lion's cage himself, and he tells us how he felt the first time he made this adventure. His thrilling portrayal of his emotions will fill every boy reader with fearful envy—for every boy is more or less Tom Sawyer and would joy in standing out in the sight of the multitude by the side of the lion, "if it was a tame lion." So is it that this latest book of Mr. Cooper's will be a welcome Christmas gift for any youngster—and even for any oldster who has not forgotten his youth.

Some of the tales Mr. Cooper tells in these pages are exciting; some are humorous; and some are pathetic. Even if his heroes and his heroines stand on four legs and cannot talk our language, the stories in which these brute beasts figure are, now and again, what magazine editors call "human interest stories;" and more than one of them has an appeal surpassing that of "sob sister stuff." I may recommend the simply told tale of the lonely man, a mere laborer, a "roughneck," who made a friend of the surly hippopotamus and who at last, when the circus train caught fire, gave his life for the beast he loved. As a writing man myself, I may be allowed to suggest that it is "some stunt" (as the highbrows

[1] Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Will the molten metal turn to tempered steel?

Bubbling in the crucible of your boy's mind is a curious jumble of impressions. Every day, every hour adds new ideas. And he alone can select and test and weigh them.

For a quarter of a century THE AMERICAN BOY has been helping boys like yours to make this vital selection—teaching them to know the worthy, and to welcome it—giving them understanding to detect the unworthy, and the moral strength to reject it.

In its thrilling stories, written by the foremost boys' writers of the day, boys see the actual world they must face, and meet the kind of men from whom they will select their friends and associates. They see success, and the struggle required to attain it; failure, and its causes. Instinctively they admire the courage, honor and virility of the human men and boys who people the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. And from admiration to emulation is but a short step, quickly and surely taken. From each story and article a lesson in life is learned, and added to the accumulated store of indelible impressions.

The coupon below will bring your boy, or any other boy whom you wish to see get ahead, the beautifully illustrated current issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. You need not send any money. Watch how he dives into it and wades right through it. Read it yourself. A bill for $2.00, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later, unless you notify us to the contrary within 10 days.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year, or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.

The American Boy
The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
297 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

Please enter a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY and send a copy of the current issue to the following address. Unless I notify you to the contrary within ten days of the receipt of it, I will remit $2.00 on receipt of your bill.

Boy's Name.....
Address.....
Your Name.....
Address.....

If you prefer, remit $2.00 with order. Canada, $2.25; foreign, $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History Made Interesting

By Rafael Sabatini

TORQUEMADA

Every reader of Sabatini's life of Cesare Borgia will enjoy his vivid study of the creator of the Spanish Inquisition. *Illustrated.* $2.50

CESARE BORGIA

A new popular edition of this study of one of the most dazzling careers in history. Biography as thrilling as a novel. $2.50

HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT

Strange tales from history retold with the same vividness that has made the historical romances of the "modern Dumas" so popular. *New Edition, 2 vols.* $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

SELECT NOTES

By AMOS R. WELLS, Litt. D., LL.D

For fifty years this Sunday School Commentary on the International Lessons has been the constant help to millions of Sunday School teachers. It is complete in its treatment of the lesson text, full of maps and full-page illustrations, pen and ink drawings, chronological charts and a helpful index.

Price $1.90 net $2.00 delivered

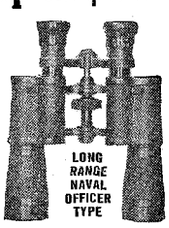
W. A. WILDE COMPANY

131 CLARENDON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

"Would Be Cheap at $50"

—Says Navy Man

"I cannot see," writes Mr. Harold G. Gould, of Northome, Minn., "how such a glass can be sold for anything like the price you ask; $50 would be cheap enough for such a fine instrument."



A 10-Power Megaphos Stereo-Prism BINOCULAR *for only* $27

By actual test this long-range Naval Officer type binocular equals the best German 10-power instruments selling for over $100. Large field of view with wonderful illumination and definition. Weighs but 20 oz. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Amazing value. Complete with case and straps, prepaid, for only $27. Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned. 8-power glass similar to above, only $18.50.

CATALOG FREE — 200 GLASSES — $1 to $125

America's Leading Binocular House

DU MAURIER COMPANY, Dept. 4811, Elmira, N. Y.

"The Book Lovers' Corner"

VERSES FOR CHILDREN, BY CECIL TROUT Blancke. $1.50. Just the book for little children. Eighty pages of bright rhymes, rebuses and word games in simple form, illustrated by the author for the tiny tots of kindergarten age. "Not for years has there appeared a more attractive book for young children."—Living Church. WESTMINSTER PRESS, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia and Depositories.

PUBLIC TYPISTS—MANUSCRIPTS TYPEWRITTEN and corrected for publication. Photoplays, novels, short stories, magazine articles, etc. Translations in foreign languages. Individual attention. Address AMERICAN TYPISTS, Box 5, Elmhurst, New York City.

THE COUNSELLOR, REMARKABLE REVIEW sensation, recent leading newspapers, also stunning detective book solving mysteries, $1 each postpaid. DOREY, Publisher, 1443 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGY APPLIED TO BUSINESS, social affairs. Horoscope writings. GEORGE SMALLWOOD, M.D., 687 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

1,000 STAMPS, ALL DIFFERENT, $1.50. WE BUY old U. S. stamps and collections. J. M. BARTELS, 135 West 42d St., New York.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." BOOKS out of print searched for gratuitously. GINSBERG'S, 1821 Pitkin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUTHORS—WHY OFFER MSS. HAPHAZARD? Profit by my twenty-five years' experience as editor and literary broker. (See "Who's Who.") J. WALKER McSPADDEN, 15 Gramercy Park, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS AND CLUB PAPERS CRITICISED, revised, typed by experts. Typing 75c. per M. words. One carbon copy. THE SHEPARD SERVICE BUREAU, Box 105, Pasadena, Cal.

CURRIER AND IVES LITHOGRAPHS, SPORTING subjects, ships, farm scenes, New York City views, historical subjects, wanted by HARRY STONE, 137 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ANY TRANSLATION PUBLISHED, INCLUDING Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil: literal, 75c.; interlinear, $2. Fully parsed $2; parallel $1.50. TRANSLATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

WANTED, AT SECOND-HAND, IN THE CLASSICS in Art Series, published by Brentano: Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Memling; also Anderson's Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy, Scribner's. MISS ALICE KNOX, The Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY TO ALL languages, Afrosemitic, Amerindic, Eurindic, Indopacific, Siberic, Sinindic. Primers, $1.94: Chinese, French, Spanish. LANGUAGES, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

GENEALOGIST

FAMILY HISTORIES, GENEALOGICAL AND heraldic works. Researches made. CHARLES A. O'CONNOR, 21 Spruce St., New York.

would say) to find pathos in a hippopotamus.

The blurb on the jacket of Mr. Cooper's volume informs us that he has filled all sorts of positions in the circus from water boy to press agent. In this book he appears as the most competent of publicity men, not for one circus only, but for every circus of which a menagerie is an integral part. I believe that the advertising men maintain that half their work is done when they have succeeded in "arousing the desire." This is what Mr. Cooper has achieved; and all he has left us to do is to sign on the dotted line—that is, to order our reserved seats whenever the circus comes to town.

I may add that the book is illustrated with a score and a half of photographs. The frontispiece introduces us to two lordly lions, fierce looking and ferocious; and I think that Tom Sawyer would be reluctant to enter their cage even if my friend Miss Mabel Stark were to chaperon him.

The New Books

FICTION

FABRIC OF THE LOOM (THE). By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is slighter than most of Mrs. Watts's novels, but it makes thorough work of its unsparing exposition of the type of woman who is ambitious to be abreast of the newest society activity, who is always talking of clubs and culture, but who is actually ignorant, superficial, and common. The reader sees this type through the eyes of an American woman who has lived abroad and is herself a person of cultivation and social training. There is a fugitive view also of the ultra-modern girl and boy. The situation culminates in the elopement of a naturally kindly and decent husband who simply cannot stand life with his correct and "brilliant" but really vulgarian wife.

RED RIDERS (THE). By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

This posthumous story of South Carolina in the Civil War and just after, was nearly finished when the author died; his brother, Roswell Page, completed the book. There is included a charming account of a meeting of a Southern lad with Lincoln. The colored people's talk is rendered as only Page and Harris could render it. The reconstruction scenes are painful but true.

OLD LADIES (THE). By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Pitiful in its picture of the three old ladies living separately on the top floor of "a windy, creaky, rain-bitten" build-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. One is a simple-minded old maid, one a lovely, sweet-natured mother hoping for her long-lost son to come back, one a wild, gypsy-like, greedy creature who brings death to that top floor. Perhaps no one could make this slight story so appealing and so abiding in one's memory as Mr. Walpole, who, as always, writes sympathetically and with the reserve that is so great a part of true art.

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES. By Aldous Huxley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

In reading this new volume by Aldous Huxley the reviewer whose mind is—let us say in concession to modern ideas—still clouded by any lingering inhibitions of Victorian decorum will often share the feelings of the scandalized schoolma'am whose prize scholar she catches throwing spitballs or chalking unseemly remarks on the blackboard. Mr. Huxley's flaunting of innocent indelicacies, his fondness for mentioning things we do not usually speak of, though of course the Latins do, in polite literature or society, may be lightly dismissed; it does not in itself seriously mar the quality of his work, although there are times when one fears it may be symptomatic of a more important defect in estimation and judgment of human instincts and values. But, if we like or dislike, approve or disapprove, agree or disagree, Mr. Huxley can observe, he can imagine, he can think, and he can write. No derogatory suspicions or reservations apply to the tragic final story in the book, which gives it its title. There is something in the approach, the development, and the conclusion of "Young Archimedes" which suggests the method and handling of Henry James at his briefest and least meandering best. It is a poignant and powerful story, beautifully told.

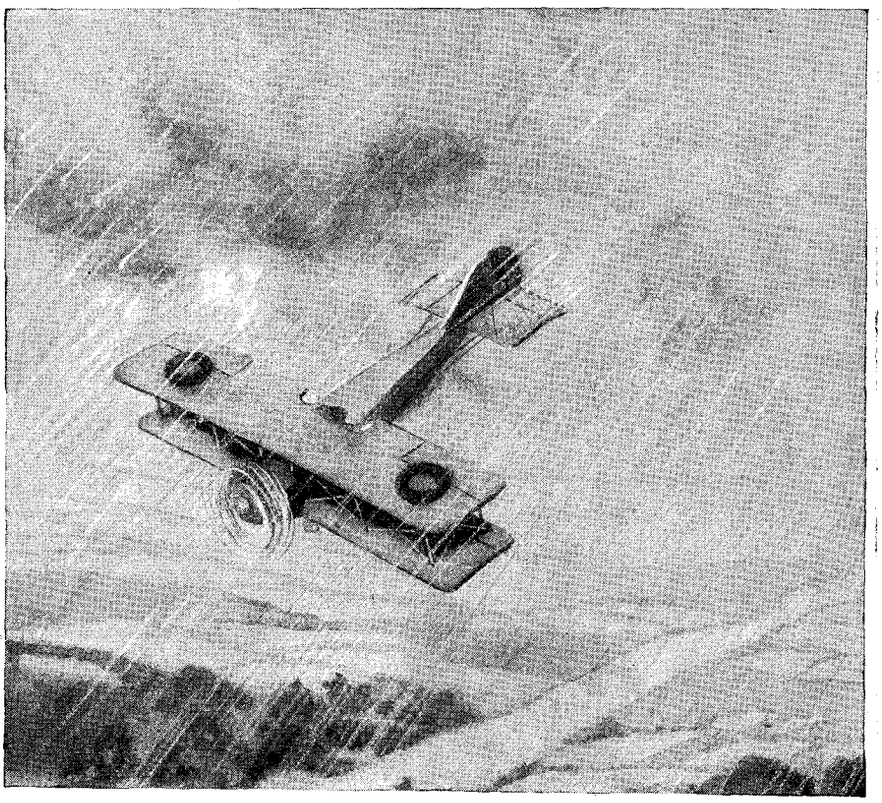
BIOGRAPHY

BEGGARS OF LIFE. By Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $3.

The book professes to be "a hobo autobiography," but, though one may not doubt Mr. Tully's intention to give us a perfectly true account of the hobo phase of his career, one feels that the artist in him has been too strong for the historian. Considered, however, as a series of sketches of hobo life (no doubt embodying a great deal of authentic autobiographical material), the book is sufficiently interesting. The "raw stuff," both in incident and conversation, is presented absolutely raw; which certainly makes for vividness. But is the life, even of the hobo, quite so consistently hideous as we have it here?

OUR AMERICAN KINGS. By Frederick L. Collins. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

This is, the Century Company informs us, "a book of personalities about the



One link with earth

Flying over a confusion of mountains, forests, canyons, turbulent rivers, barren desert wastes—through thunder-storm, rain and sunshine—two famous airmen expressed their feeling as one of absolute loneliness, with a world passing beneath that had no thought of their existence.

Their one connecting link with the earth was a map. On its truthfulness their very lives depended. And it was a RAND McNALLY Map—giving to these airmen the most trustworthy picture of the ground obtainable!

RAND McNALLY Maps were used by aviators on the round-the-world flight! RAND McNALLY Maps were used by MacReady and Kelly on their coast-to-coast flight! RAND McNALLY Maps are used by flyers in the Air Mail Service. In all the incredibly varied work carried on to-day from the air, aviators trust themselves wholly and confidently to the guidance of RAND McNALLY Maps!

The maps used by these men are the same RAND McNALLY Indexed Pocket Maps which you can buy for 35 cents at any stationer's. All RAND McNALLY Maps are invariably accurate—kept so by infinite attention to detail and by never-ceasing revision.

Every kind of map for every imaginable purpose is made here at Map Headquarters. You will find RAND McNALLY Maps, Atlases and Globes invariably accurate. For sale by all leading book-stores, stationers, newsstands, drug stores and hotels.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Map Headquarters

Dept. L-166

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago 270 Madison Avenue, New York

Branches: Philadelphia . . Washington . . Boston . . Pittsburgh . . Cleveland
Detroit . . . St. Louis . . . San Francisco . . . . Los Angeles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him, He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is due to nerve strain. There is no other cause for it. In men, nerve exhaustion can generally be traced to excesses and vices, although the strain of intense concentration and the worries of business life are often the chief factors. In women, Nerve Exhaustion is due mainly to over active emotions. Especially in their marital, domestic and kindred relations do women subject their emotions to constant upheavals. Indeed, we are all under severe nerve strain because of the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 339, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

present governors of fourteen of our States, their appearance, their home life, their families, their hobbies. It is a book of portraits rather than biographies, of impressions rather than opinions. Mr. Collins trailed them all to their homes, and caught them off their guard. Mr. Collins has probably seen more of our world and its first families in less time than anybody alive. In the last year or so he has visited twelve foreign countries and forty-eight American States."

The last two sentences furnish by implication a perfect criticism of the book. No human being can visit twelve foreign countries and forty-eight American States in one year and bring back "portraits" (of his making) of the "Crowned Heads and Elohims of the Earth." He may bring back photographs; that is what we have here, photographs—remarkable word photographs. We all know the limitations of the photograph. The book is pure journalese; entertaining, but quite superficial. It does not pretend to be critical. It is considered, it seems, quite fair in the great American game to trail a Governor to his lair and catch him off his guard; but, to our credit, it would not be considered fair, under such circumstances, to reveal anything unsuitable to a kind obituary. The notices of the wives and children of the Governors are mushy. Yet, when all's said, it is an entertaining book, and certain to be popular.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FIGURES IN MODERN LITERATURE. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley's essays, which are critical and autobiographical, discuss Arnold Bennett, Walter de la Mare, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, George Santayana, and J. C. Squire. The inclusion of the last may possibly be explained by the fact that nearly all these papers originally appeared in the London "Mercury." But for an American audience the name of J. C. Squire and also of Robert Lynd seem out of place. That is not meant as disparagement of the work of either of these men; simply that hardly one American reader has heard of them for a hundred fairly familiar with the work of Bennett and Hewlett and W. W. Jacobs. A. E. Housman is always interesting, but just on account of "A Shropshire Lad," which was soon after reflected in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Mr. Priestley introduces "A Shropshire Lad" as one of the most astonishing volumes in an astonishing literature. "It came to us practically a full-grown masterpiece, and the production of what used to be regarded as a lyric poet's maturity. He gave us no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interesting juvenilia to examine; we have never seen the beginnings, when he was working under half a dozen conflicting influences, when his own manner was only half developed. His next surprise was to maintain an almost unbroken silence for over a quarter of a century—to be exact, from 1896 to 1922."

DEFINITIONS. Second Series. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

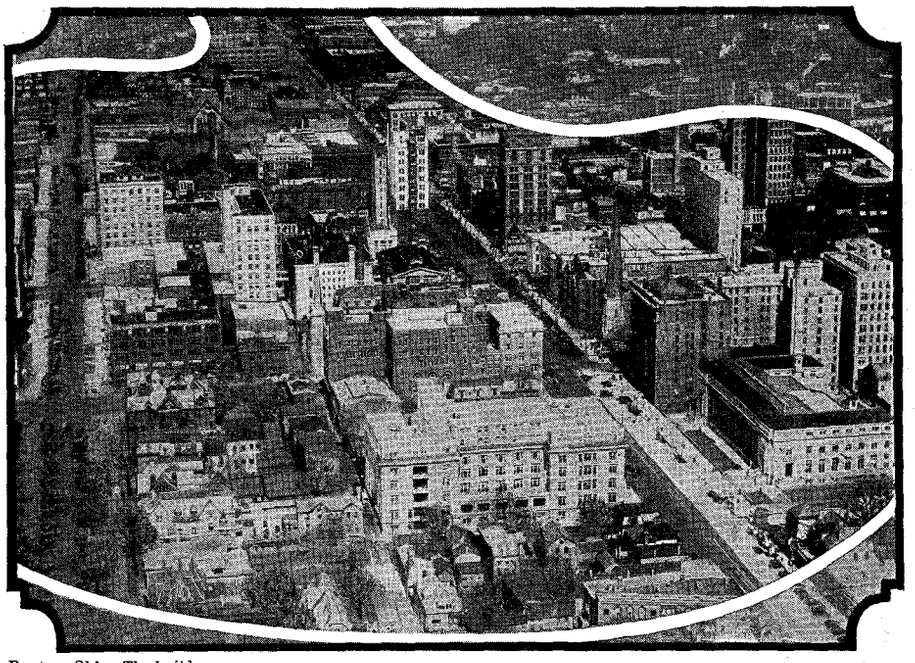
Frankly a kind of *obiter dicta*, "Definitions" is mainly made of those essays, semi-editorial in utterance, which Dr. Canby contributed from week to week to the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" in the years 1922, 1923, and 1924—essays suggested or provoked by the constantly changing aspect of the literary scene. Formally the conspicuous new novel, biography, or book of verse was being discussed elsewhere in the pages of the periodical; it was Dr. Canby's duty as editor to comment upon the informal side, to find the tendency of the particular book, and to link it with or contrast it to the other books of the hour in the same field. In revision, these papers have been subjected to systematic grouping. Thus they are presented as those dealing with "Literature To-day," "America in Literature," "Sex and the Censorship," "Highbrow and Lowbrow," "Studies," "Various Reflections," "On Criticism," "Reviews," "Literary Geography," and "The Twentieth Century." Dr. Canby is likely to provoke controversy with his suggestion that in the South local color went to seed before it was ripe, and that it remained just local color. "The great poet of the South, Poe," he writes, "was inspired by sectionalism not at all; his second, Lanier, was scarcely more Southern than he; the novelists and short story writers who have given us a dozen Souths, all equally picturesque, have stayed upon the level of manners. The great Southern story is yet to be written, and it will have to be more than a Southern story to succeed."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON. By Lewis R. Freeman. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

To any one with a heart for adventure a boat trip through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado offers some of the keenest thrills to be found in this country. Few have ever attempted it, and fewer still have come through alive. Mr. Freeman is one of the fortunate voyagers, for he recently enjoyed a trip with the United States Geological Survey expedition, which completed the survey of the Canyon and determined the available dam sites for irrigation and water power. Many interesting pictures were secured

WHY is There No Smoke in This District?



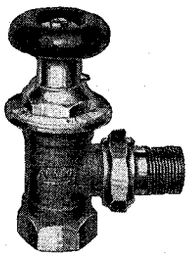
Dayton, Ohio. The buildings within the white line are served with steam heat by the Dayton Power and Light Co.

BECAUSE there are no individual heating plant fires!

Adsco District Steam Heating furnishes every building with a continuous reliable 24-hour-a-day steam heating supply. (No dirt from coal or ashes. No fires to tend. No heating-fire hazard.)

Steam is generated economically in a central station and distributed through underground mains the same as gas and water, paid for, as used, by meter.

If *your* district does not enjoy these advantages, ask us how you can proceed to get them. (Ask, also, for Bulletin No. 20-O.)



Adsco Graduated Packless Radiator Valve. Controls heat at each radiator as a faucet controls water.

AMERICAN DISTRICT STEAM COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS
NORTH TONAWANDA, N.Y.

OFFICES: New York Chicago Seattle

Ask for Folder No. A-53-O Adsco Heating for Individual Buildings

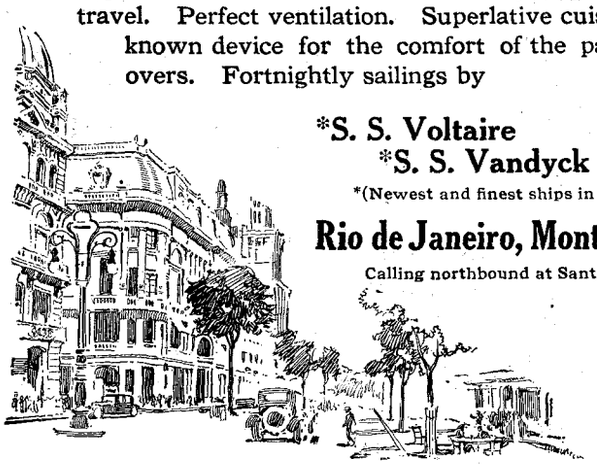
ADSCO HEATING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South America

THIS wonder continent offers not only the most—but the best. No cities on the Eastern Hemisphere can compare with South America's in grandeur. No famous mountain, river, lake or waterfall of Europe but has its superior on this vast continent of surprises. A delightful, bracing climate makes sightseeing more enjoyable.

The pleasures of the voyage are enhanced by the luxury of appointments on ships of the famous "V-Fleet." Every ship specially built for tropical travel. Perfect ventilation. Superlative cuisine and service. Every known device for the comfort of the passenger. Liberal stop-overs. Fortnightly sailings by



*S. S. Voltaire S. S. Vauban
*S. S. Vandyck S. S. Vestris

*(Newest and finest ships in the South American Service)

Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

Calling northbound at Santos, Trinidad and Barbados.

Tours round South America arranged.

For Illustrated Booklet, Rates, Reservations, etc., apply Sanderson & Son, Inc., agents, Room (102), 42 Broadway, New York, or any local steamship or tourist agents.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

FREE to the DEAF

10 Days Trial of the World Famous

Acousticon

Every one who is troubled with deafness is now invited to enjoy Ten Days of Good Hearing with the world-famous Acousticon. Let us send you our latest improved model for 10 days free use entirely at our risk and expense. No deposit required—no obligation on your part. Just try it—10 days Free and let results convince you.

Mr. A. H. Herrick, of Harvard University, says: "We who suffer from impaired hearing have cause for profound gratitude to you." Rev. G. M. Rainey, the Evangelist, says: "The results have been all you claim." Mr. A. Hollander, of the Equitable Life, New York, says: 'Not a day passes but what I recommend the Acousticon to friends or business acquaintances—it has made a new man of me." In like manner write thousands of others, expressing their gratitude—men and women in every state, in practically every civilized country on earth. Yet we don't ask you to believe. We simply ask that you allow us to prove the merits of the Acousticon in your own case, to your own complete satisfaction without a penny of expense or risk on your part. Just try it—free, that's all we ask. Send name and address today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
1303-LCandler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York

Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza

A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet 31A

For Sale by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation, Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address the old and new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect

and plenty of exciting moments were experienced when one could not tell whether one would escape or be claimed by the almost impassable rapids. Many have felt the immeasurable appeal of the Grand Canyon as viewed from the rim and longed to know more of its inner mysteries. To all such this book provides a safe and fascinating journey.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND FORMOSA. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company, New York. $3.

That Japan is a country of great artistic charm has often been stated by travelers, but we are not as well informed in regard to the life of the people. Twenty years ago the author visited the islands, and he now gives his impressions of a recent trip through Japan and Formosa, while on his way to China. He frankly recounts many curious customs and describes a moral code that seems strange to American thought.

Recent travel in this attractive country has been marred for foreigners by exorbitant prices and by what is said to be the most atrocious tipping system in the world. In Formosa, however, the prices average twenty-five per cent higher. Mr. Franck tells us that, while there are no tramps in Japan, the land is full of beggar pilgrims. Notwithstanding this, in some of the holy cities the guide-book says that "the occupation of the people is to feed peacefully upon pilgrims."

Notes on New Books

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE. Edited by Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

It is said—we have not counted—that 1[illegible] topics are discussed in this book, and the[illegible] each of them can be read in about ten minutes. It does describe in readable and simple fashion a great number of the discoveries of modern science, and each one of the sections is about two or three pages in length. A good Christmas gift for a boy.

THE WONDERS OF SALVAGE. By David Masters. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Raising sunken wrecks and searching for lost treasure at sea. True stories with great romantic interest; a book to appeal especially to men and boys.

THE GEM-HUNTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.75.

Another interesting book of real adventure; stories of the search for precious stones. A boy would be glad to own the book.

HEROES OF THE SEA. By Chelsea Fraser. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

Still another book of adventure; about lighthouse keepers, whale fishers, submarine sailors, and airplane pilots.

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS. By A. Hadrian Allcroft. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

How refreshing is the idea of an early morning gallop on the "downs"! And how mysteriously fascinating to wander by twilight upon the "downs," recalling Kipling's poem "Sussex," and looking for fairy circles, strange monuments, prehistoric remains, old inns, grassy hills and fields! How re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in suggestion is the very word "downs"! And all the richer because none of us has anything except a vague notion what on earth it means.

ONE-PIECE DINNERS. By Mary D. Chambers. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

How to cook and serve the whole meal from the same pot. Simple recipes for good meals which are easy to prepare. First aid to the housewife in an emergency or in doubt what to have for dinner.

GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated by Charles Swan. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Translation into modern English of a work which for centuries was as popular as the "Arabian Nights."

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE: HERRICK TO OWEN SEAMAN. Selected by Helen and Lewis Melville. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A charming little book in every respect, and fit for a Christmas present. We would like to tell you its price, but the publishers were too coy to print it anywhere upon the volume.

ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Six short plays, especially for amateurs.

THE TRUTH AT LAST. By Charles Hawtrey. Little, Brown & Co., New York. $5.

Autobiography of a delightful English actor who has appeared in "The Private Secretary," "Lord and Lady Algy," "A Message from Mars," and recently in "Captain Applejack."

LA BELLE STUART. By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Court memoirs in the time of Charles II. Miss Stuart became Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, and figures in the Memoirs of Count Grammont.

THE GRAND DUKE'S FINANCES. By Frank Heller. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

Throw all ideals of probability aside, all ye who enter here! This Swedish plot-story writer, his humorous Grand Duke of Majorca, his Grand Duchess of Russia, his marvelous Swedish detective (met before in "The Emperor's Old Clothes"), and all the rest are wildly and joyously unreal, but also gorgeously exciting to plot-lovers.

A BEACHCOMBER IN THE ORIENT. By Harry L. Foster. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

A beachcomber is a tramp in hard luck. When Mr. Foster, well known to lovers of travel adventure as the "Tropical Tramp," lost his steamer by accident and his clothes by theft, he became a real Oriental beachcomber; and so he hikes on land or sails by sea to and through Borneo, China, Japan, and the Philippines, always seeing things queer, funny, or surprising. A capital record of adventure, this.

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN. By Claude Farrère. Translated by Leo Ongley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This "gentleman of fortune" ("lambkin" irony) simply drips with gore and grins with ferocity. If you want to shiver with terror, this is your chance. The story has power as well as excitement.

MARBACKA. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

This has been described as the soul-autobiography of the author. Its best characters are its children and women, who are made both natural and interesting. Swedish life is faithfully portrayed.

A LOITERER IN LONDON. By Helen W. Henderson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

Another book on London. This is conscientiously written, well printed, and excellently illustrated from photographs. It is, physically, a very heavy book, and should be read from a lectern, unless you are feeling vigorous.

KEYS TO CROOKDOM. By George C. Henderson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

An encyclopædia of modern crime, based on American and especially on Californian experience, and upon observations in San

G-E Convenience Outlet

Wishing or wiring

Sixty-seven home-making women out of every hundred can only *wish* for such conveniences as electric vacuum cleaners, washing machines and cooking devices. Their houses are not electrically wired.

For these women—complete electric wiring should open the door to better and easier housekeeping. Plenty of G-E Twin Convenience Outlets as shown in the picture make all electrical appliances handy servants.

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

• • •

Two useful electrical conveniences every wired house should have—a **Tungar** to recharge radio or auto storage battery over night: a G-E Wayne Bell Ringing Transformer to ring bells. Both work from the lighting circuit.

How to plan complete electrical wiring in your home, new or old, is told in this new, fully illustrated book, "The Home of a Hundred Comforts," *the book that thousands have sent for.* Write today for *your* free copy.

Address Section O.11
Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48-11

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Massachusetts

McAllister School Weston, Massachusetts
A School for Young Boys. Prepares for Andover, Exeter, Groton, Loomis, Middlesex, Milton, Pomfret, and all secondary schools. Emphasizes training in self-reliance, application and self-control. Residence under home conditions with attention to moral and physical well-being.

North Carolina

THE ROUTH PINES SCHOOL
Samarkand, N. C.
(Near Pinehurst and Southern Pines)
School home for children 6-14. Healthful climate. Special attention to individual academic and physical needs. Young, companionable instructors. Recitations limited to four pupils. Ungraded.

New York City

Alviene 30TH YEAR
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF DANCE ARTS

DIRECTORS
Alan Dale
Wm. A. Brady
Henry Miller
Sir John Martin-Harvey
J. J. Shubert
Marguerite Clark
C. M. Alviene Pres.

Eminent Masters, Pantomimic Dance Theatre, appearances while learning. Debuts and Careers stressed. 20 Free and Partial Scholarships—ALL ages. ELTINGE, Secretary, 43 West 72nd St., New York. EXT. 67.

Courses for BEGINNERS DANCERS TEACHERS MUSICAL COMEDY

TO SCHOOL PROPRIETORS

THE OUTLOOK each week goes into 100,000 substantial, refined homes. It is carefully read by parents who desire the best possible school facilities for their children, and who possess the means to send them to the best schools. Your advertisement in The Outlook will reach a selected and interested audience. **The special school rate is 85 cents a line.** *Write us for further information.*
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank's "50th Anniversary" Cruise de Luxe

TO THE **Mediterranean**

Limited to 400 Guests (Less than Half Capacity)

By Magnificent (Built 1921) 20,000-Ton, Oil-Burning

Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA" Sailing January 29, 1925

66 Days

This Cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer.

EGYPT—PALESTINE

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria" or any Cunard Line Steamer

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.

FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 Fifth Ave., New York

219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia 582 Market St., San Francisco

At Bank of America, 752 So. Broadway, Los Angeles

(Est. 1875) *Paris* *Cairo* *London*

The Luxury Cruise to the

Mediterranean

Palestine-Egypt

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation.

Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."

Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.

Leaving New York
February 4th, 1925

By the famous "ROTTERDAM"

(Fourth Cruise) Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S own management

The ROTTERDAM

24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement.

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

66 Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera.

Carefully planned Shore Excursions.
Stopover in Europe.
Cruise limited to 550 guests.

American Express Company agents in charge of Shore Excursions.

Illustrated folder "J" on request.

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Chicago Detroit Minneapolis
St. Louis Atlanta, Ga. Seattle
New Orleans San Francisco
Mexico City Montreal

Or any authorized Steamship Agent

Quentin Prison. Ranges from murder to the sale of imitation furs. Contains some astonishing statements, as, for example, that on page 283, about the Marie Celeste. Has a vocabulary of criminal slang.

OUR CAPITAL ON THE POTOMAC. By Helen Nicolay. The Century Company, New York. $5.

A history of the city of Washington. Much attention is given to the early days; in a volume of over 500 pages the period of the Civil War is not reached until page 356. Hardly any incident or person connected with the city is neglected, but with all this comprehensiveness it is never dull. The half-tone illustrations are good, and a few of them merit the word superb.

IMAGINARY LIVES. By Marcel Schwob. Translated by Lorimer Hammond. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

They are indeed imaginary. The author writes about Empedocles, Lucretius, Clodia, Pocahontas, Captain Kidd, Burke and Hare, and other peculiar personages, ancient and comparatively modern. His style, in French, may have been charming; in translation little of the charm is left. His liberty to invent biographical details about persons of whom we are nearly ignorant is undoubted, considering his title. But why with Burke and Hare does he depart from the truth when the truth was easy to discover, and makes a better story than this distortion and perversion? Creative literature is indeed different from historical narrative, but a false statement of a fact does not become literature merely by virtue of its falsity.

THE MONKEYFOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA. By F. W. Fitzsimmons. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

Second edition of an interesting and novel book by a competent zoölogist. He makes the animals tell their own stories in very simple language.

C. By Maurice Baring. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

This is a curious novel. It is very long, in two volumes, with the shortest title on record. It is the life history of a man; moderately interesting, but hardly justifying its length. Our advice is to read the author's autobiography, "The Puppet Show of Memory," or better, his earlier books like "Dead Letters."

LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By Richard Aldington. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

Essays are included upon some of the older French writers, but the book is more apt to be read for its level-headed comments upon modern authors like James Joyce, Remy de Gourmont, Marcel Proust, and others.

THE GYPSIES. By Charles G. Leland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

A new edition of a book first published more than forty years ago. Issued in honor of the one hundredth birthday of its author.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By William Addleman Ganoe, Major of Infantry, U. S. A. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

Systematic and thorough history of the Army; it is written in a surprisingly lively style. Gives full credit, not only to organizers and creators like Washington and von Steuben, but to later men like General Upton and Colonel Wagner.

A BOOK OF CHARACTERS. Compiled and Translated by Richard Aldington from Theophrastus, Sir Thomas Overbury, and other English and French Authors. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Brief characterizations of human types from a large number of writers. There are 559 pages, of which about 500 seem to be pretty tedious. Good to "dip into" from time to time; also good for insomnia.

85th Thousand

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

The Book of the Year

By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

$2.00 at all bookstores

Houghton Mifflin Co.

a Gift

that is both unusual and truly delightful

A pound of that delicious China tea, Hu-Kwa—sealed in lead and packed in a hand-lacquered red or black box. Just such a present as came from China in the Clipper Ships of olden days. Packed and sent as per your directions, there is nothing more expressive of cheer than

HU - KWA
(How Qua)
CHINA TEA

Priced at $5.00. May also be had at MM Importing Company, New York.

MARK T. WENDELL
Sole Importer
156 State Street, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION
INCLUDING
HOTELS — TRAVEL

Real Estate, Summer and Winter Resorts
Tours and Travel, Sanitariums, Etc.
All Want advertisements 10c per word

60c a line; column width 1¾ in.; single column only

Tours and Travel

across all outdoors we rode!

YOU will feel this way! Boundless stretches of open country, skies that are blue and days brilliant with sunshine. You can gallop "across all outdoors" and still have room to spare.

Spring Days Now

If you are hungry for open spaces, for flowers and warm sunshine, you will find happy days here. Tucson, modern city of 32,000, lies upon a high plateau, sheltered from wind, storms and snow. Clubs are open to visitors, rents reasonable and hotels good.

Awaken New Vitality

Tucson is the place to play, rest, or rebuild physically. Many, every year, find relief from "nerves," "overwork," asthma, pulmonary troubles and rheumatism in Tucson. Low fares, via Rock Island, El Paso and Southwestern, Southern Pacific and connecting lines. Through Pullmans.

Booklet Free

A booklet, filled with interesting photographs, and telling of life in Tucson is waiting for you. Mail the coupon now.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

D

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club,
301 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.
Please send me your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

Name _____

Address _____

EGYPT—PALESTINE
A small private party
Leader Prof. H. L. WILLETT
of the University of Chicago
Send for itinerary
H. W. Dunning, Brookline, Mass.

MEDITERRANEAN TOURS
Small Parties

Sailing in January for Egypt and Palestine. Stops en route at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers and Monaco.

Leaders: Dr. H. H. Powers and Dr. George H. Allen

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd St. Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

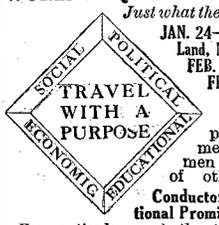
The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

---

WORLD ACQUAINTANCE TOURS
Just what the name implies



JAN. 24—Near East, Holy Land, Mediterranean.
FEB. 14—Orient.
FEB. 26 — South America.

Unusual opportunities to meet leading men and women of other nations.

Conductors of International Prominence.

For particulars and other tours address
416 West 122d St., New York City

Ministers, Professors, Teachers

If you wish to earn a first-class trip to South America at $1,200, or a trip to Europe at $850, write for full particulars. All parties will now be limited to six paying members.

BABCOCK'S TOURS, Inc.
Established 1900
136 Prospect St., East Orange, N.J.

TOURS and CRUISES

Are you planning for a tour to Europe next summer or interested in a winter cruise? Would you appreciate the advice of experienced traveler, representing impartially all companies? *Write*

Dr. H. W. DUNNING, Brookline, Mass.

Earn Your European Tour All or part by assisting in organizing party. (Summer 1925, eight countries, $745.) Bulletin H explains. **Mentor Tours, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

Is there something here that suits your needs? The Outlook's Hotel and Travel Bureau will gladly furnish any supplemental information

Hotels and Resorts

Massachusetts

TWO BOSTON HOTELS

which offer you complete hospitality in that atmosphere of intelligent comfort which has made the homes of the Back Bay famous.

The LENOX
The BRUNSWICK
On either side of Copley Square

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

California

SAN YSIDRO RANCH

Furnished bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. 6 miles from Santa Barbara, 2 miles from ocean. Booklet. Address **MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Cal.**

New York City

Hotel Hargrave
106-112 West 72d St., running through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single rooms, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, bath, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J. J. E. GRAPE, Prop.

Hotel Judson **53 Washington Sq., New York City**
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

New York

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

BOARD — ROOMS

A mother's care in a refined Christian home is offered to a little girl 3-5 years old. Both parents college graduates with years of experience in child training. Highest references. Reasonable rates. Mrs. F. D. Whitford, 286 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

LADY owning comfortable bungalow in St. Petersburg, Fla., desires lady to share same for winter. Reasonable. E. K., 1775 Seminole Heights, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Lakewood, N. J. **Christian family will take a few boarders.** Home cooking. Terms reasonable. 5,536, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

COLLEGE graduate or person with equivalent training and good appearance to assist official of a $3,000,000 private school. Good pay. Work will be at your home. Give all details regarding training and experience in first letter. Address W. A. Johns, Hudson, Ohio.

EDUCATED woman with practical knowledge of nursing, good reader and typist, to go South for the winter with a family of three. Address Mrs. W. O. Campbell, Sewickley, Pa.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B 5842, Washington, D. C.

REFINED nursery governess or mother's helper to assist in physical care of boy 11 and girl 7½ and do sewing and mending. Capable of long walks and outdoor games. References required. 5,560, Outlook.

WANTED, in New York suburb, by family containing three school girls, a woman of refinement as mother's helper. One able to sew and willing to assist in household. Give salary expected and particulars. References required. 5,567, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Young woman, excellent business training. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address F. A., 675 Forest Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE position by woman of experience—matron, institutional manager, or care of children. 5,570, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, capable of managing home, refined, desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person going South or West for winter. EXCELLENT references. 5,566, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as companion by refined, educated young Protestant woman. 5,561 Outlook.

REFINED young American Protestant woman desires position as hostess or companion. Will travel, shop, sew. References. 5,563, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position; college preparation. 5,512, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as visiting governess or chaperon in New York City. Part or whole time. 5,572, Outlook.

WOMAN with institutional training and experience in schools, hospital, institutions, and cafeteria wishes position as matron or manager. Best references. 5,569, Outlook.

YOUNG man 18 years old desires position next year with man who travels. Willing to do clerical work of any kind. Two years' banking experience. 5,562, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Real Estate

California

The owner, wishing to retire, offers for sale
One of the Best Small Ranches in Central California
14 miles from Hollister; 82 acres, 60 cultivated, nearly level, very rich valley land. Abundance of running water all year. Everything grows. Fruit, vegetables, etc. Ideal for stock. Individual irrigating system. 5 crops alfalfa this year. No healthier climate in the world. Price $20,000, terms on one-fourth, if desired. Address HORACE LANGDON, Monterey, or WM. H. LANGDON, Hollister, Cal.

Florida

New four-room and bath furnished bungalow with garage; conveniences. On Indian River, near Cocoa (east coast). For particulars address C. F. NORTON, Cocoa, Florida.

New York

For Sale, 190-acre farm, fruit trees, tenant house, barns, sheds, farming machinery. Immediate possession. For particulars address SAMUEL HOTALING, Mgr., Mellenville, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SCHOOL FOR SALE OR RENT. Long established school for boys within sixty miles New York City. Further particulars given only to applicants whose experience to continue work and references satisfy proprietor's requirements. State experience, age, and where now teaching. Correspondence confidential. 5,565, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

PERSONAL PRINTED STATIONERY. 200 noteheads, 100 envelopes, good white vellum bond paper, three or four line printing in neat Gothic type, blue ink. Quick service. Price $1, cash with order. Excellent Xmas gift. HANSON PRESS INC., 561 Harrison Ave., Springfield, Mass.

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

What have you to sell or buy?
You will find Outlook service and results much above the average.
Write for information as to rates, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED to adopt mother, daughter, sister or friend to be helpful and loyal to and to be both to me. Much money desirable but not necessary. Comfortable means and sense of humor indispensable. Pilgrim, 5,477, Outlook.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

WOMAN trained in the management of children wishes entire responsibility of one or two motherless girls, four to ten years. Attractive Southern home. References exchanged. 5,568, Outlook.

The Greatest Thing to Take With You on a Trip—*is complete information*

Know before you go:

What your trip will cost
What hotels will suit you
What trains or boats will take you
Where to find the sports and sight-seeing you like best

The Outlook's Travel and Resort Bureau tells you all this free.

Ask us about any place. We will send you complete information about fares, schedules, hotel rates, and illustrated booklets. Complete information about thousands of hotels, resorts, routes, is centralized right here in The Outlook's Hotel and Travel Bureau and is available to Outlook readers.

Tell us on a postal now while it is in your mind where you are thinking of going, what you want to do and see this fall and winter, and how much you wish to spend.

Just a postal will bring you all the information necessary to a successful trip—and it will cost you nothing.

Hotel and Travel Bureau
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

By the Way

A FLAGMAN on the Western Pacific Railroad has many duties, and he is helped to perform them by a code of directions which is printed in the "Railway Age." One of the items is as follows:

> When necessary (in the night) to use a lantern to kill a rattlesnake, the white lantern is recommended—to make use of the red one might result in its being extinguished. This is no joke; there are all kinds and sizes of rattlers on the desert from sidewinders to diamond-head. They have all the way from eight to twenty rattles, not counting the button.

But why kill the rattlesnakes? Why not train them to rattle when the track is not clear, thus saving the flagmen's shoe-leather?

From the "Notre Dame Juggler:"

A humorist is one who listens impatiently to your story and then tells a "good one" of his own.

The death of Sir Claude Phillips, art critic, reminds the London "Daily Chronicle" that some years ago, when Sir Claude was seriously ill, his obituary was written by another critic who was his colleague on the staff of a daily paper, but who was at odds with Sir Claude on questions of art. By an accident, a proof of this ante-mortem obituary notice was sent to the subject of it! He found that his supposed antagonist had written a sympathetic, discerning, and eulogistic appreciation of his personality and work! Thenceforth the two men were the best of friends.

"Rain is a circumstance," quotes the editor of the "laughing horse" (he prints it that way), a periodical of Santa Fe, and he goes on to show how a prayer for rain was answered in that old refuge of the Franciscans:

"A few years ago, when the rain had not wet the earth for weeks upon weeks, a religious procession was held as a special plea for relief: a pilgrimage of the multitude from the church to a holy shrine on the outskirts of the village. The throngs marched in the heat along the dust of the road to the chapel and back—but no rain came. The faithful stoically traversed the heated Holy Way a second time—and no rain came.

"The few men who carried the sacred throne dashed from the churchyard with angry shouts before any one could prevent them, kidnapping the Virgin! Her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

golden tinsel was strewn on the street. Her holy image was hurled into the sandy river-bed by the faithless cowards.

"And Heaven was so agitated over the blasphemous affair that it gathered its clouds, hurled its thunderbolts, and poured its rain down in torrents, bringing to an end one of the longest and most terrible droughts that had ever been known!"

A great lion-hunter is A. J. Klein, of the American Museum of Natural History. He has killed eighty-eight lions—more than any other man in the world, the New York "Times" says, except one other hunter. Klein is an expert with the camera as well as with the rifle, and on his recent trip to Africa he took no end of moving pictures of native hunts, giraffe drives, packs of hyenas, herds of zebras, gnus, etc. In killing lions he regards himself as a game conservationist, for lions are the great slaughterers of game in Africa.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Blackstone—"Excuse me, old man, but I'm—er—looking for a little financial succor."

Webster (broke, too)—"Great idea! Let's look for him together."

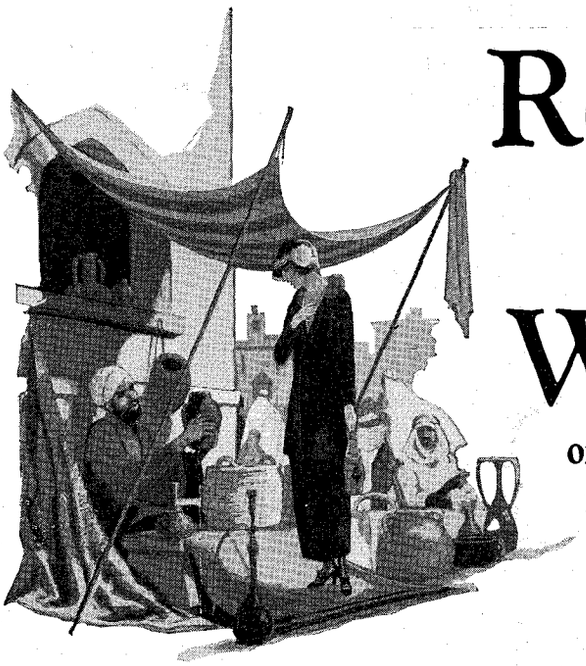
Darius Green had a real prototype in New England in the person of John Childs, according to a tablet in the yard of the Old North Church, Boston. The inscription reads: "Here, on September 13, 1757, John Childs, who had given public notice of his intention to fly from the steeple of Dr. Cutler's church, performed it to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators. In 1923, the year of the first continuous flight across the continent, this tablet has been placed by the Massachusetts Society of the Colonial Dames, to commemorate the two events." Childs's glider is said to have been a crude affair in which the operator was suspended by a sort of harness.

Under the heading "The Second Passing of the Reaper" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints the following advertisement from the Binghamton (N. Y.) "Press:"

Blatchley cemetery at West Colesville: Those who have friends and relatives buried there are asked to come with scythes and sickles to help beautify the same, Saturday, at 1:30 p. m., Aug. 23, 1924.

"Punch" finds the following Irish bull misplaced in a Jersey (not New Jersey) paper:

"The two Premiers [MacDonald and Herriot] are marching on parallel roads which, as they lengthen, will more and more diverge."



Round the World

on palatial liners for as little as

$11.37 per day

It now costs less to go Round the World than it does to travel extensively in this country.

You go in comfort and luxury aboard the magnificent President Liners of the Dollar Steamship Line. Commodious, first-class outside rooms, with beds, not berths, personal service and an excellent cuisine are yours on these fine ships. *They sail every two weeks.*

You visit gorgeous Hawaii, a famous garden spot where vivid colors paint an unforgetable picture.

The Strange Orient

Japan, the mighty island kingdom, is progressive and alert. China, civilized almost before history began, is again slowly awakening to present day progress.

Manila, Singapore—wonderful side trip to Java—Penang and Colombo all have their unique charm, their rare beauties. From the last port you gain easy access to India.

Mediterranean Countries

Then Suez, from which you may take a side trip through the Holy Land, Alexandria in ancient Egypt, Naples, Genoa and Marseilles are ports of call before the trans-Atlantic voyage.

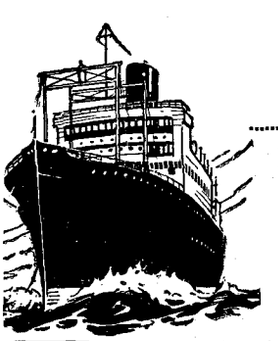
All this may be enjoyed at small expense and in but 110 days' time. If you remain aboard one ship you visit 21 world ports with sufficient time at each for short sightseeing trips.

Or you may obtain liberal stopovers at any ports you choose to see.

Plan now to circuit the globe in this delightful way. For full information inquire at any Dollar Steamship Line office, any ticket or tourist agent or send the coupon below to us.

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

15 MOORE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.
177 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
626 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
112 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
29 NANKING ROAD, SHANGHAI
24 CALLE DAVID, MANILA



HUGH MACKENZIE, General Passenger Agent,
Dollar Steamship Line, Dept. M 811, San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir: Please send me complete information relative to the new Interport and Round the World Service of the Dollar Steamship Line.

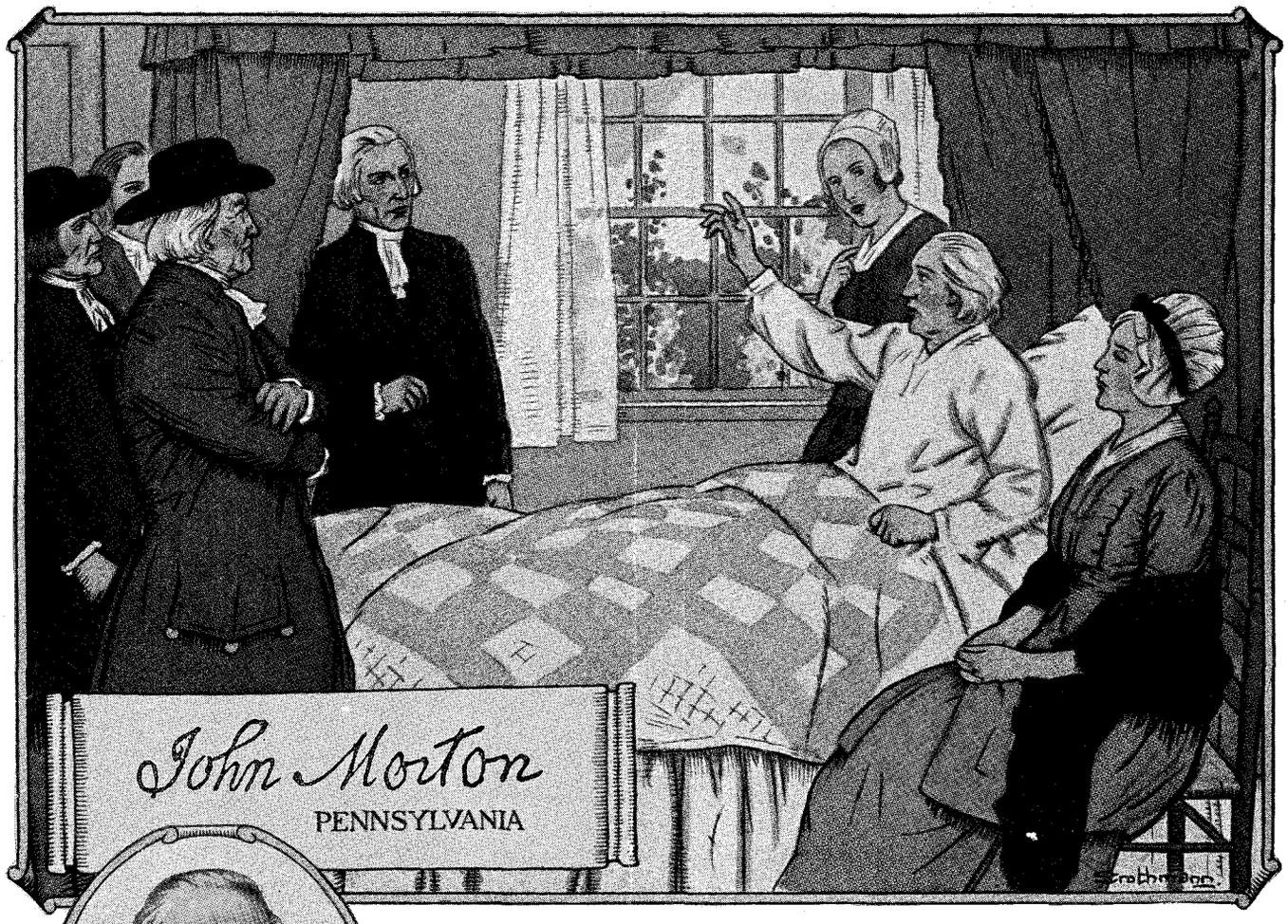
Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ *State* _____

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Man Who Saw 100 Years

PENNSYLVANIA'S vote swayed in the balance. Franklin and Wilson voted for the Declaration of Independence, but two delegates were absent, and two others voted "Nay". And without Pennsylvania, the new nation would split squarely across the middle. On the shoulders of Pennsylvania's seventh delegate —John Morton—rested a fearful responsibility.

British sympathizers tried to bribe him—Tories argued w. . .im—Quaker friends pleaded with him. But not for nothing had John Morton's sturdy Swedish ancestors followed close on the foot-steps of William Penn.

In 1777, to those who still blamed him for bringing Pennsylvania into war, he sent a dying prophecy. "Tell them", he said, "they will live to see the hour when they will acknowledge the most glorious service I ever rendered my country".

Just one hundred years later, John Morton's city, state, and nation united in the ceremony of placing a memorial tablet in that very hall where he unhesitatingly sacrificed his own happiness.

*

Not every man can die knowing he has done his country a glorious service. But insurance enables any man to die knowing he has, at least, done his duty to his family.

THE simplest estate you can leave your family is *Monthly Income* Life Insurance.

The Prudential issues this in various flexible and convenient forms to run as many years as you wish, or for the lifetime of your beneficiary. It is insurance that Insures the Insurance.

*

The little Prudential book of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a copy of the Constitution of the United States, will be sent with our compliments, on your request.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED